

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XIII. }

No. 1650. — January 22, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXVIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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WINTER.

I.

BLUE-GREEN firs waver in a water wan,
Save where red boles and robes unmoved and dim

Show the keen wizard Frost prevails upon
Even rivers ; a low clink bewrays a slim
Bird who hath lighted on the marge to drink.
Aerial webs invisible, that link
Sere russet fern with glumes of yellow grass,
And green fir-needles, are palpable star-chains
Of fairy jewels ; from furze points they pass ;
Every dark green lance of broom sustains
Like burden ; all are fledged with crystal soft,
Mist frozen in plumelets ; many a taper tuft
Adorns the wine-stained bramble, and the blade,
And bronzy twigs of trees bereft of shade.

II.

Brakes white with frost, and orange reeds are fair,
Beneath yon sombre masses of cold firs,
Stream-mirrored, while a silver birch's hair
Hangs, like dark smoke, athwart the leaden air.

Winter upon small marish pools confers,
As on our panes, with palms and wreaths of hers,

A delicate starflower beauty, rivalling
All fragile water-petals of sweet spring :
Sprinkles wine-dark ferruginous fens and ling,
Desolate lowlands where the bittern booms.
And now at nightfall, from where forest looms,
A dragon train wails 'thwart the solitude
Flame-breathing, with a long self-luminous brood,

And livid low low steam among grey glooms.

III.

Snow falls — hath fallen — all the land is white.

Pure snow clings frozen to labyrinths of trees :
They in a narrow lane aloft unite ;
Winter hath clothed with a pure foliage these,
Pitying them, bereft of spring's delight.
How fairylike their veiled pale silences !
Feathery shadows a grey mist informing
With beauty, as frail corallines dim sea.
Some alien planet our earth seems to be !
Earth lies fair in her shroud and slumbereth ;
So fair the pure white silence of dim death !
Lo ! the sun's fleeting phantom faintly warm-
ing

Mists into heaven's blue, while they flush and flee :

Budding birchsprays hang laughing jewelry
Of opal ice athwart the lift that clears ;
Clinking it falls, or melts in jubilant tears.

IV.

Gaily snow flounces earthward in the sun,
Or frozen glisters with an icy edge

To windward of the elmbole ; birds in dun
Plumage, fair-formed elves, whistle in the hedge,

Scatter its ermine mantle ; as they run,
Dint earth's blithe stainless carpet ; shake the foam

Splashed upon all green brambles, and red-fruited

Hollies, or thorns, or briars, where they roam ;
Our ever sweet-songed robin richly suited,
And birds reserving for a leafier home
And lovelier lands the voice wherein love luted,

Erewhile in yon dead summer : shadows blue
Nestle where beast or man hath trodden deep
In crisp-starred snow ; fur mantles fair endure
Thatched roof, wain, barn and byre, and slowly creep

To a fringe of diamond icicle : the waters are asleep.

No skaters whirr and whirl, as erst, upon the imprisoned grey

Smooth water ; no chubby children slide and shout and play.

Pile the illumining logs within, and let them crackle gay !

Bright holly and green mistletoe cheering our hearths we keep :

Warm glint the polished chairs and glasses, while yule-fires glow deep.

But when dear babes lie dreaming, with a halo near the moon,

And at their nursery doors are set small fairy-appealing shoon,

There will float a voice of mystic bells over earth's pale sound,

And sweet sad fays of memory to haunt us in their sound !

Good Words.

RODEN NOEL

WAITING.

Do the little brown twigs complain
That they have n't a leaf to wear ?
Or the grass, when the wind and rain
Pull at her matted hair ?

Do the little brooks struggle and moan
When the ice has frozen their feet ?
Or the moss turn gray as a stone,
Because of the cold and sleet ?

Do the buds that the leaves left bare
To strive with their wintry fate,
In a moment of deep despair,
Destroy what they cannot create ?
Oh, nature is teaching us there
To patiently wait, and wait.

Transcript.

A. E. P.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE PROSE WORKS OF WORDSWORTH.*

THE prose works of Wordsworth, now for the first time collected, and some of which are now first published, form a gift for which all who have ever truly listened to Wordsworth, and learned from him, will be grateful with no common gratitude. To some men now in middle life, the poetry of Wordsworth in its influence upon their early years has been somewhat like a lofty mountain,

An eminence, of these our hills

The last that parleys with the setting sun,

which rose as chief presence and power near the home of their boyhood, which was the resort of their solitary walks, which kindled their most ardent thoughts, which consecrated their highest resolves, which created moods of limitless aspiration, which strengthened and subdued, from which came forth clear yet mysterious echoes, against whose front the glories of dawns that were sacred had been manifested, and on whose edges stars, like kindling watchfires, had paused at night for a moment in their course. Not less than this Wordsworth's poetry was to them, as they can remember now. But for such men the *Wanderjahre*, the years of travel, needful and inevitable, came; they went hither and thither; they took gifts from this one and from that; they saw strange ways and strange faces of men; they parted, it may be, too cheaply with old things that had been dear; they looked, or seemed to look, at truth askance and strangely. And now, if they are drawn back once more into the haunts of early years, they return not without dread and foreboding and tender remorse; to pass the barriers and re-enter the solitude seems as though it needed preparatory discipline and penance and absolution; having entered it, however, the consciousness of one's own personality and its altering states ceases; the fact which fills the mind is the permanence of that lofty, untroubled presence. "There it is," we say, "the same as ever," the same,

though to us, who have ranged, it cannot continue quite the same, but seems now a little more abrupt and rigid in its outlines, and, it may be, seems a narrow tract of elevation in contrast with the broad bosom of common earth, the world of pasture-land and city and sea which we have traversed, and which we shall not henceforth forsake.

That three substantial volumes could be collected of Wordsworth's prose writings will be to some readers a surprise. The contents of the volumes are miscellaneous, but upon almost every page we find impressed the unity of a common origin; all that is here, or nearly all, essentially belongs to Wordsworth's mind. Now, a quarter of a century after the writer's death, these pieces have been brought together, under the authority of the Wordsworth family, by the indefatigable zeal and care of Mr. Grosart. Students of our older English poetry owe a large debt to the erudite enthusiasm of the editor of the Fuller Worthies' Library. This service now rendered to a great poet of our own century deserves a word of earnest gratitude. The editor has done his work accurately, judiciously, and without obtruding himself between the reader and the author. Some of these intended "alms for oblivion," which he has recovered from the wallet on Time's back, make richer in spiritual possessions the life of each of us, and of our century.

The contents, miscellaneous as they are, fall into certain principal groups: first, the political writings, which represent three periods in the growth of Wordsworth's mind, that of his ardent, youthful republicanism (represented by the "Apology for the French Revolution"), that of the patriotic enthusiasm of his manhood (represented by his pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra), and lastly, that of his uncourageous elder years.* Certain essays and letters upon education, together with a deep-thoughted letter of "Advice to the Young," reprinted from "The Friend," lie nearest to the political writings, having

* "The Prose Works of William Wordsworth." Edited with Preface, etc., by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. 3 vols. London: Edward Moxon, Son, & Co., 1875.

* "Years have deprived me of *courage*, in the sense the word bears when applied by Chaucer to the animation of birds in spring-time."—"Prose Works," vol. iii. p. 317.

indirect bearings upon politics, but being immediately, and in the first instance, ethical. The group entitled by the editor "*Æsthetical and Literary*" comprises the "Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns," notable for its fine charity, and at the same time strength of moral judgment, the "Essays upon Epitaphs," admirable pieces of philosophical criticism (printed in part from hitherto unpublished manuscripts), and the several essays and prefaces which accompanied the editions of Wordsworth's poems. Hard by these is rightly placed Wordsworth's "Guide through the Districts of the Lakes;" this, beside being a singularly perfect piece of topographical description, is of unique interest as exhibiting Wordsworth's mind, in reference to external nature, at work not in the imaginative, but in the analytic manner. The "Letters on the Kendal and Windermere Railway" belong to the same group of writings. In the third volume the editor has placed the notes to the poems, collected from many editions, and the whole of the precious and delightful memoranda, having reference chiefly to the occasions on which Wordsworth's poems were conceived or written, dictated by the poet to Miss Fenwick, and known to Wordsworth students as the I. F. MSS. Letters and extracts of letters follow, and the volume closes with various personal reminiscences of Wordsworth, among which must be distinguished for its deep sympathy with the character and genius of the poet, and the interest of its details, the notice contributed by a living poet, kindred in spirit to Wordsworth, Mr. Aubrey de Vere. In the present article it will be possible only to gather up the suggestions which arise from one division of these various writings, the political division.

When a poet on great occasions, and with a powerful motive, expresses himself in prose, it may be anticipated that his work will possess certain precious and peculiar qualities. While working in this foreign material, he does not divest himself of his fineness of nerve, of his emotional ardour and susceptibility, nor can he disregard the sustenance through beauty of his imagination; but the play of his

faculties takes place under new conditions. The imagination, used as an instrument for the discovery of truth, will pierce through the accidental circumstances of the hour and the place in its effort to deliver from the incidents of time the divine reality which they conceal; occasional and local events will be looked on as of chief significance in reference to what is abiding and universal; and the poet's loyalty to certain ideals will probably take the form of a strenuous confidence in the future of nations or of mankind. Thus, if he essays to write a political pamphlet, it is probable that the pamphlet will come forth a prophecy. No prose writer knows better than the poet (writing, in Milton's expressive words, "with his left hand") the limits to which he has subjected himself; yet he cannot quite subdue the desire to push back the limits, and assert the full privileges of his nature. No poet, indeed, as far as I am aware, has written in that hybrid species, which is the form of ostentation dear to the vulgarly ambitious, unimaginative mind, and which calls itself prose-poetry. The poet who writes in prose has made a surrender, and is conscious of self-denial and a loss of power; but, to compensate this, some of the force and intensity which comes through sacrifice for a sufficient cause may add itself to his mood and to its outcome. There will be in such writing a quiver as of wings that have often winnowed the air; and mastering this, there will be a poise, a steadfast advance, and in the high places of contemplation or of joy a strong yet tranquil flight, a continued equilibration of passion and of thought.

Mr. Mill in a celebrated essay, with the object of illustrating by typical examples the true nature of poetry, contrasted the poetry of Wordsworth with that of Shelley. The latter was described as the offspring of a nature essentially poetical, vivid emotion uttering itself directly in song, while the former, Wordsworth's poetry, was set down as the resultant of culture, and of a deliberate effort of the will, its primary factor being a thought, around which, at the command of the writer, or according to a habit which he had acquired, were

grouped appropriate feelings and images. Any one who has been deeply penetrated by Wordsworth's poetry must perceive, in a way which leaves no room for vague statement, that while Mr. Mill received its influences up to a certain point, he yet remained outside the sphere of Wordsworth's essential power; and perhaps no piece of criticism, seeming to outsiders to possess so considerable a portion of truth, could be more entirely alien to the consciousness of those who have adequately felt the power of Wordsworth's poetry than that of Mr. Mill. Each writer of high and peculiar genius, whose genius notwithstanding fails to be world-wide, or universal as the sun, may be said to exercise over his readers an election of grace — one is taken and another left; and that a person who has been thus elected should speak with decision about the master, implies no arrogance. As a man asserts confidently what has been clearly shown by the report of the senses, so one who has been admitted to the presence of a writer of such high and peculiar genius as Wordsworth, knows and declares that the fact is so, and not otherwise. There will be no dissent among those who have approached nearest to Wordsworth, when it is said that a most essential characteristic of Wordsworth's writing, when he wrote in his most characteristic manner, is precisely the reverse of what Mr. Mill has stated it to be. In the poems of Wordsworth, which are the most distinctly Wordsworthian, there is an entire consentancy of thought and feeling; no critical analysis can separate or distinguish the two, nor can we say with accuracy that either has preceded and initiated the movement of the other; thought lives in feeling, feeling lives in thought; in their dual unity neither "is afore or after other," neither "is greater or less than another." If ever, indeed, there appears a tendency to severance of these two elements of Wordsworth's poetry (it being assumed that Wordsworth is writing at his best), this occurs in those occasional trances of thought and mountings of the mind, when all intellection and all operancy of will seem to be suspended, and the whole being

of the man to be transformed and transfused into silent rapture: —

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God
Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired.

And yet in such an hour thought rather lay hidden in "the light of thought" than had ceased to be. The forces of Wordsworth's nature, like the forces of the physical universe, were correlated by a marvellous law, according to which one could pass and be transformed into another, what was at this moment a sensuous affection becoming forthwith a spiritual presence, what was now contemplation appearing presently as passion, or what was now a state of passive, brooding receptivity transforming itself into the rapturous advance and controlling mastery of the imagination. "The excellence of writing, whether in prose or verse," Wordsworth has said, "consists in the conjunction of reason and passion." And as this may be noted as the excellence of Wordsworth's own poetry, the conjunction being no result of an act of the will, or of mere habit, but vital, primitive, immediate, and necessary, so it must be set down as the first distinguishing quality of whatever is highest and noblest in these his writings in prose.

The earliest in date of the more important pieces in the present collection is "An Apology for the French Revolution." It is now printed for the first time, having been preserved in manuscript by the writer during nearly half a century. Bishop Watson, who had been a conspicuous English sympathizer with the great movement in France during its earlier stages, deserted of a sudden the cause which to Wordsworth at that time appeared the cause of freedom and of the human race. An appendix to a sermon of the bishop — a sermon that bore an odious title — had signaled his change of faith by an attack upon the principles and the conduct of the Revolution. Wordsworth's pamphlet is a reply to this appendix. In dexterous use of his weapons the bishop is the more practised combatant; Wordsworth's style suffers in some degree from a sense of the

conventional dignity of the political pamphlet as employed in the eighteenth century. A young writer can hardly afford to be quite direct and free in his movements, lest he should be violent and awkward. "Alluding to our natural existence, Addison, in a sublime allegory well known to your lordship, has represented us as crossing an immense bridge, from whose surface from a variety of causes we disappear one after another, and are seen no more." This simile of the opening paragraph, formed from the "Vision of Mirza" with its appalling image of the Bishop of Llandaff falling "through one of the numerous trap-doors, into the tide of contempt, to be swept away into the ocean of oblivion," belongs to the manner of majestic scorn or indignation of the political letter-writer of the period. It is more important to observe that in all higher and stronger qualities of mind the advantage lies with Wordsworth. And very remarkable from a biographical point of view it is to ascertain, as we do from this pamphlet, that not only was Wordsworth's whole emotional nature aroused and quickened by the beauty of promise which the world in that hour of universal dawn seemed to wear, but that his intellect had so clearly comprehended and adopted with conviction so decided the principles of republican government.

Wordsworth had reached the age of twenty-three. His character, naturally simple, stern, and ardent, had received at first no shock of either fear or joy from the events in France; they seemed only natural and right. But when he entered into actual contact with the soil and people, he could not but become aware of the marvellous change in progress. On the eve of the day on which the king pledged his faith to the new constitution, Wordsworth saw with his own eyes the joy upon the faces of all men. "A homeless sound of joy was in the sky;" and to such primitive, unshaped sounds, whether from trees and mountain torrents, or the waves of the sea, or the tumultuous movement of the people, Wordsworth's imagination responded with peculiar energy. France was standing "on the top of golden hours;" in Paris the English wanderer had gathered from among the rubbish of the Bastille a fragment to be cherished as a relic; upon the banks of the Loire he had discussed with Beaupuis the end and wisest forms of civil government; he had listened to the speeches of the Girondins in the National Assembly. And now that his republican faith might seem to be tried and tested, perhaps somewhat strained,

by the September massacres and the execution of Louis XVI., he still retains unshaken faith in France and in the republic. Until his twenty-second year external nature had possessed all his deeper sympathies, and been the inspirer of his most intimate hopes, and joys, and fears. This, therefore, was the season of the first love-making of Wordsworth's soul with human society. The easy-going sociability of his laxer hours at Cambridge had been felt to be a carelessness towards that higher self within him, which when he was alone asserted its authority and condemned his casual pleasures. But now for Wordsworth to unite himself with mankind was to widen the life and reinforce the energies of that higher self. He could not quickly or without a struggle renounce the new existence which had opened for him. Acts of violence had been perpetrated; but "a time of revolution," Wordsworth pleaded, "is not the season of true liberty." "Alas," he goes on, "the obstinacy and perversion of man is such that liberty is too often obliged to borrow the very arms of despotism to overthrow him, and in order to reign in peace must establish herself by violence. She deplures such stern necessity, but the safety of the people, her supreme law, is her consolation." A certain sternness and hardness in Wordsworth's temperament, his youthful happiness, and his freedom from tender, personal bonds, enabled him to look, without shrinking, upon some severe measures enforced by the leaders of the Revolution. Such tenderness as shed tears over the fallen body of a king seemed to Wordsworth a specious sensibility. His sorrow was yielded to the violated majesty of public order; he lamented "that any combination of circumstances should have rendered it necessary or advisable to veil for a moment the statues of the laws, and that by such emergency the cause of twenty-five millions of people, I may say of the whole human race, should have been so materially injured. Any other sorrow for the death of Louis is irrational and weak." This is a young man's somewhat haughty devotion to a cause, untempered and uninformed as yet by concrete human sympathies, or the "humble cares and delicate fears" which come with adult life.

In this pamphlet Wordsworth's republican faith is distinctly formulated. A republic is the least oppressive form of government, because, as far as is possible, the governors and the governed become one. The property qualification of voters must be set aside; the mechanic and the peas-

ant may claim their right to a share in the national legislation; the suffrage must be universal. It is indeed necessary to delegate power to representatives of the people; but by shortening the duration of the trust, and disqualifying the legislator for continuous re-election during a series of years, safeguards against the abuse of this delegated authority may be provided. Arbitrary distinctions between man and man are to be abolished; hereditary nobility must cease, and with it those titles which are a standing insult to the dignity of plain manhood. Laws should be enacted rather in favour of the poor man than of the rich. The privileges of primogeniture must be abolished. And then upon the grounds of expediency and of justice, and through force of arguments drawn from the nature of man, Wordsworth pleads against monarchy, and the aristocratical institutions which form its support. The Bishop of Llandaff had found it hard to understand what is meant by the equality of man in a state of civil society; Wordsworth directs his lordship for an explanation to one of the articles of the Rights of Man. "Equality, without which liberty cannot exist, is to be met with in perfection in that State in which no distinctions are to be admitted but such as have evidently for their object the general good."

There is a young man's bold and virtuous energy in the arguments of Wordsworth, if there be less of deep moral pregnancy to be found than in his later writings. The chief interest of the pamphlet lies in its relation to the history of Wordsworth's mind. And it must be noted as assigning its true place to this piece of political reasoning, that the fact that Wordsworth was able to put forward his faith as a series of credenda, and was ready to give an argumentative reason for the hope that was in him, is evidence that at this time the most joyous period of Wordsworth's revolutionary fervour was already past. So long as the facts of the French Revolution were their own justification, so long as the movement manifested its sacred origin by a self-evidencing light, Wordsworth's faith was a joyous confusion of thought and emotion, a confluence of the mere gladness of living, the hope of youth, instincts and feelings which had existed since his childhood, and the readily accepted theories of the day. But when the facts of the Revolution no longer corresponded with his wishes or his hopes, Wordsworth threw himself, for temporary defence against the threatening danger of disbelief and profound dis-

appointment, upon theory. As the real cause became increasingly desperate—which in 1793 it was far from having become—Wordsworth put upon his theory an increasing stress and strain, until at length opinions clung round his mind as if they were his life, "nay, more, the very being of the immortal soul." In the process of attempting to sustain his faith in the Revolution by means which, to one of his constitution of mind, were against nature, his inmost being underwent a disruption and disintegration. The powers of his nature ceased to act with a healthy co-operation; until, finally turning upon the opinions which tyrannized over him to test their validity by the intellect alone, "dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds, like culprits to the bar," Wordsworth escaped from them mournfully, through a period of perplexity and intellectual despair. In place of truth he found only a conflict of indecisive reasonings.

The declaration by England of war against France severed Wordsworth in feeling from the country of his birth and of the traditions of his heart. The aggressive action of the French republic against Switzerland gave definite form to his latently growing alienation from the adopted country of his hopes, his theories, and his imaginings. The political part of him became thus a twofold exile; his sympathies, which had been so strong and glad, were thrown back upon himself, and turned into bitterness and perplexity. With Wordsworth political faith and ardour could not flourish apart from a soil in which to take root, and shoot upward and strike downward; his passion was not for ideas in themselves, but for ideas as part of the finer breath and expression of a nation's life. Though abundant in power of wing, and free in ærial singleness, like the skylark of his own poem, Wordsworth's faith needed a habitation upon the green, substantial earth; it could not live in perpetual flight, as Shelley's faith lived, a bird of paradise that feeds upon the colours of the sunset and sunrise, and if it sleeps at all, sleeps upon the smooth night-wind. It is easy for us at the present day, to whom the events of that passionate period come calmed and quelled, bounded in space and controlled by adjacent events, it is easy for us to declare that Wordsworth's loyalty to the ideas of his youth should have survived the test; it is easy for us to see that at no moment in the history of the French Revolution had the vast spiritual agents which brought

it into being spent their force, or converted that force into a desperate rage of destruction; it is easy for us to discover that before the principles of the Revolution lay a long career. But precisely because the moral nature of Wordsworth, and of others along with him, was completely roused, and was sensitive in proportion to its vital energy, the shock of events was felt severely, and the pain of frustration and disappointment became a blinding pain. The failure of the Revolution was felt like the defection and dishonour of a friend, and when all was quieted by iron bonds of military rule, it struck with cold finality upon young hearts as though it were a death.

From the first there was a point at which Wordsworth's adhesion to the French historical movement failed or was imperfect, though of this fact and its significance Wordsworth himself was at first probably not aware; sooner or later the flaw must have become a rift and gaped. Wordsworth's sympathy with the national passion of joy and hope in France was spontaneous and involuntary; but with the long intellectual movement which preceded the upheaval of society, and with the methods of thought pursued with enthusiasm in the eighteenth century, the mind of Wordsworth could at no period have been in harmony. During upwards of eighty years which have elapsed since 1789 the principles of the Revolution have approximated, touched, or united themselves to many various schools of thought, from that of a Christian democracy to that of atheistic communism. But originally to have entered into a very close and complete relation to the movement, it would have been necessary to have come up with it out of the centre of the eighteenth century illumination or *Aufklärung*. Looked at from a comprehensive point of vision, the Convention appears but an incident in that great progressive movement, that flinging-forward, wave-like, of the human mind, of which the Encyclopædia is another incident. But how much of the Encyclopædia ever came home to the genius of the great transcendental poet of England, or was assimilated by it? Neither a dry, mechanical deism, nor a tender, sentimental deism was the theological conception towards which Wordsworth's religious feeling could naturally incline him; and reason, even if Wordsworth had lost all faith in a "wisdom and spirit of the universe," would never have been the abstraction from the nature of man, to which he

would have chosen to yield his homage. With Rousseau it might be supposed that the mind of the English poet would find something in common; but the sentimental return to nature of Rousseau, his self-conscious simplicity, and his singular combination of brooding sensuality with a recoil from the enervating effects of luxury, differed as much as possible from the temper and genius of Wordsworth, on one side simple, hard-grained, voracious as that of a Westmoreland dalesman, on the other capable of entrance into a plane of idealizing thought and imagination, where for Rousseau to breathe would have been death. From the æsthetic point of view, the alleged return to nature of the revolutionary epoch did not show well; of what mingled elements it really consisted will appear from the paintings of David, and from the affectation of Roman manners in public life upon conspicuous occasions. The eighteenth century, speaking broadly, had pursued truth by methods of the intellect alone, apart from the suggestions of man's instincts, emotions, and imagination. By-and-by these last had leaped into life aggressively, and caught up as weapons of their warfare the conclusions which the intellect had forged. With the passionate, instinctive side of the great movement Wordsworth was sufficiently at one; but when the revolutionary passions and instincts, as yet untrained, and therefore violent and crude, were seduced from their true objects, when an apostolic mission to the nations announcing enfranchisement was exchanged for a war of vulgar conquest, then those who would retain their faith in the Revolution were driven back, and among them Wordsworth was driven back, to the abstractions of the revolutionary creed. Wordsworth, with the logical faculty alone, and pursuing the eighteenth-century method of truth-discovery—that of the pure intellect—endeavoured to verify his republican theories. The result with Wordsworth was that all truth for a time disappeared; certitude with respect to any and every class of beliefs became for a time unattainable.*

* The following reference, in the "Apology for the French Revolution," to Priestley deserves to be quoted:—"At this time have we not daily the strongest proofs of the success with which, in what you call the best of all monarchical governments, the popular mind may be debauched? Left to the quiet exercise of their own judgment, do you think that the people would have thought it necessary to set fire to the house of the philosophic Priestley?" It may be added that the statements made above are not opinions of the writer of this article, but statements each of which may be verified by reference to "The Prelude," or some other of Wordsworth's writings in verse or prose.

Two chief streams of intellectual and moral tendency are distinguishable in the period subsequent to the Revolution,—the period during which Wordsworth attained the full possession of his powers,—and thence onward to our own days. One of these has endeavoured to sustain and develop the most beneficent influences of the eighteenth century; to it belong at the present hour modern science—including the science of political economy—and modern democracy. The other should have aimed at supplementing and enriching the best gifts of the preceding epoch with new methods, feelings, and ideas in accord with the changed condition of the human mind. Unfortunately for the cause of tranquil and enlarged human culture, the two movements, which ought to have been auxiliaries, and the men representing each, who ought to have been allies, appeared as rival and conflicting forces, each claiming supremacy over the individual mind and over the progress of human society. Hence have arisen on either side excesses and extravagances: on the one side Catholic reactions, a profound suspicion of modern science, systems of spurious metaphysics resorted to as an escape from the pressure of facts, in art an emasculated mediævalism; on the other, a materialistic temper hard and pushing, an imaginative and unsympathetic school in politics, the dreary science drearily pursued, a profound suspicion of religion, and intolerance of religious ideas. It would have needed a greater mind than that of either Bentham or of Coleridge to effect a reconciliation, which should not be a compromise, between the two movements of the age. As things were, it was needful to choose a side. The appropriate work of Wordsworth, and of his companion who worked more in the sphere of pure thought, was rather to supplement the deficiencies and correct the errors of the eighteenth century than to carry on and develop its most precious influences. But, in assuming their appropriate places as teachers, Coleridge and Wordsworth were at the same time condemned to an attitude of hostility with reference to one entire side of the culture and the progressive thought of their time. Receiving as we do from Wordsworth such a gift of high poetry, such an overflow of impassioned contemplation of the universe from a fixed point of view, we know not how we should regret that he entered so absolutely and so serenely into his own vision of truth. Had his certitude in beliefs

transcendental been disturbed by doubts and questionings, he could not have displayed a skill of fence and thrust, nor have enjoyed the militant exercise, as in our own day Mr. Browning does, who, if he would build the walls of our spiritual city, builds ever with one hand working in the work, and the other hand holding a weapon. Could we conceive the mind of Wordsworth producing poetry at all in a state of divided intellect and feeling,—for as a fact that rift would have made Wordsworth's music mute,—we are compelled to imagine the outcome of his mind as resembling the poetry of Clough, though possessing an ampler body of thought and feeling than Clough's,—a kind of self-revelation, not without curious interest or even peculiar uses in a distracted period, when the head and heart pay separate allegiance to rival authorities, but incapable of becoming in a high degree a power with individual minds, or the prophecy to a nation. We cannot, therefore, regret, for the sake of Wordsworth himself and of his poetry, that his trust in his own faculties and their mode of operation was complete; for us, too, it is perhaps well that such high, serene, and yet impassioned faith as Wordsworth's should have found its adequate record in song; there are times when we are moved to place reliance in it upon the credit of our past selves, as in an intuition, which was once our own during a season of clear and solemn vision, and which cannot be ours again. But it is also true that Wordsworth's "imaginative faith" (such a name he himself bestows upon it) fails to come into *direct* contact with the intellect of the present time, and moves us by its prophet-like enunciation of truth transcendental less than such emotional controversy as Mr. Browning's moves us. Unless we could carry on the conduct of our mental powers upon Wordsworth's method, we could not hold in living and immediate possession Wordsworth's conclusions; and the weight and pressure of scientific methods of thought at the present time render the conduct of the intellect in Wordsworth's manner possible only by miracle of grace, or by peculiar conformation of mind, or through a virginal seclusion of soul.

In the literature of England, and in the darkest hour of reaction, the Revolution found a banner-bearer, an embodied genius half-formed from the spirit of swift, wild, and beautiful things in nature, and half from the keenest joys and anguish of humanity; one made to be a saint and a

martyr of revolution, the delicate victim thrown to the lions of authorized opinion; a poet framed for intensities of faith, of charity, and of hope; for illuminated heights of rapture and of song. But Shelley, who, by virtue of his swift-weaving imagination, his artistic impulses, and the incantation of his verse, belongs to the nineteenth century, was by virtue of the intellectual background and basis of his poetry a child of the eighteenth century, a true volunteer against old tyrannies in the wars of enfranchisement of the republic. In order that he should be a revolter it was not needful to Shelley that the Revolution should promise an immediate success. The abstractions created by the intellect and the passions of that age were to him the only realities, and he believed that their history would be long. Living as he did in the idea, concrete facts appeared to him but as shadows, ever varying and shifting, thrown from accidental objects which intervened between the world of men and the high, white light of the eternal world. For such poetry, which nourished itself upon abstractions, and existed independently of the accidents of the time, a career, even in a season of reaction, was open. Laon and Cythna may stand bound amid the flames; but in due time the martyrs will reach that radiant isle sanctified by the temple of the spirit. For countless ages Prometheus may hang nailed to the mountain-wall; but the day will dawn of his deliverance, when the whole sphere of earth must break into blossom and into song. For Shelley, whether France were enslaved or free, liberty remained. But such political passion as Wordsworth's united itself with an actual cause. It was roused by the presence of the elements of noble national life, not somewhere apart in the air, not in some remote political *primum mobile*, but in the veritable life of a nation. For such poetry of revolution after the *régime* of the Directory and the 18th Brumaire the career was closed.

Yet some fruits of his early republican faith remained with Wordsworth; and — what is more important — that in his own nature which at first made him a sympathizer with the Revolution, remained. When, after the time of trial, of intellectual perplexity, and moral confusion, there came by degrees light and calm, spiritual restoration and strength, it was not an altogether new self that Wordsworth found, but his former self changed from youth to manhood, as men have been changed by a bed of sickness from which they have

arisen. At this period, as we find recorded in "The Prelude," the influence of his sister was peculiarly precious and sanative; but this influence of Wordsworth's sister was less like that of one active human spirit upon another than that of the tender tranquillizing and ardent breathing of the life of external nature: —

Thy breath,

Dear sister! was a kind of gentler spring
That went before my footsteps.

She did not so much compel him to new lines of thought or habits of feeling, as restore him by an atmosphere of loving wisdom to his wiser and more gracious self. It is a remarkable and characteristic fact that Wordsworth, in the poetical autobiography which he has left with us, attributes no influence of primary importance upon the growth of his mind to any soul, whether kindred or antagonist, of man or woman. The sympathy and the intellectual action of Coleridge helped to foster and advance Wordsworth's instinctive tendencies of thought; but Coleridge did not contribute any dominant idea to Wordsworth's mind, nor move him apart or sideways from the track along which he was progressing. Wordsworth was never driven out of any position by force of argument, nor attracted into a new position by compelling sympathy with another mind. For Mary Hutchinson his love was a deep, tender and enduring feeling; but it was not that kind of passion which lifts a man into a new and strange world of winged light, and swift winds of joy, and rapturous self-abandonment. She was to him like a calm recess among the woods, sheltered from tempest and from extremities of heat, with its refreshment of living water, and its little solitude of greenest herbage. Obstacles were removed from Wordsworth's way by other hands, flowers were planted in its rugged and bare spots; but he was not diverted from his path, or guided to points of vision which lay to the left or right. His sister led Wordsworth back to nature, and softened down the over-sternness of his earlier temper. In her sensitiveness he seemed to discern a finer kind of justice to which he had been blind, and thus he came to distrust, perhaps over-much, the bold judgments which he had but lately passed upon events. Few things are more difficult than to receive an accession, even a slight accession, to a man's powers of moral discernment, without at the same time acquiring a suspicion of his past self either in kind or in degree not

wholly warranted by fact. With Wordsworth's aspiring force now co-existed a certain loving humbleness, meekness, or docility of senses, affections, and intellect. He was less sanguine than formerly; he cared less for theories of human progress, and less for the abstraction "man." Growing into a habit of estimating things somewhat like that of Burke, it seemed to Wordsworth now that there was a certain effeminacy in levelling down the truth to general notions, and so avoiding the difficulties and rough edges of truth, which are felt when we deal, not with abstractions, but with concrete details. But, while these modifications of moral and intellectual temper had taken place, Wordsworth's veneration for the stuff of common human nature, his democratic sense of the dignity of manhood, was not lost. What is most precious in our common human nature seemed to him to be whatever is most simple, primitive, and permanent. This he found among the hardy peasantry of his own north-country district. And if "man" was less to Wordsworth than formerly, individual men and women became infinitely more. With his democratic feeling for what is best in human nature, corresponded his feeling for language considered as the instrument of his art. What is best in language, it seemed to Wordsworth, were those simple, strong, and living forms of speech, in which the permanent and primitive feelings of men utter themselves. Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction was perhaps not announced with perfect clearness, and has certainly been gravely misunderstood. It was not the language of the peasant, as such, any more than the language of the courtier or the philosopher, as such, which seemed admirable to him; it was the permanent and passionate speech of *man*, wherever to be found, which he sought after; and in the speech of simple men Wordsworth believed that there was more of such stuff to retain, and less matter to be rejected as belonging to merely local or occasional uses, than in the speech of over-cultivated, artificial refinement. However Wordsworth may have failed to convey his precise meaning in his celebrated prose prefaces, it cannot truly be asserted that his practice and his theory were not in agreement. To us of the present day there are few characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry more refreshing, when we turn to it from contemporary writings, which represent, in dramatic fashion, characters and incidents of humble life, than its entire freedom from condescension. It neither

studies the persons nor repeats the phrases of shepherd, of cottage matron, of peasant-patriarch, of village schoolmaster with an air of sentimental or of humorous superiority. Michael and Matthew, Ruth and Margaret, the leech-gatherer and the pedlar, are figures as great or graceful as those of Dion or Laodamia. Around the body of the Highland girl is effused a light which makes her, while so real and human, radiant as a spiritual vision; into the voice of the solitary reaper gathers all the thrilling power, which penetrates and persists, of nature in her furthest and clearest solitudes, with all the stored-up tradition of human sorrow that is deep and dim, and of human strife that is unavailing.*

"I should think," Wordsworth wrote to a friend in the year 1821, "that I had lived to little purpose, if my notions on the subject of government had undergone no modification: my youth must, in that case, have been without enthusiasm, and my manhood endued with small capability of profiting by reflection. If I were addressing those who have dealt so liberally with the words renegade, apostate, etc., I should retort the charge upon them, and say, 'You have been deluded by *places* and *persons*, while I have stuck to *principles*. I abandoned France and her rulers when *they* abandoned the struggle for liberty, gave themselves up to tyranny, and endeavoured to enslave the world.'"[†] This is not a mere piece of logical fence, but in large measure a faithful statement of what actually occurred. Wordsworth's sympathies attached themselves not to words or abstract notions, but to an actual cause. When once again his gaze was passionately turned upon public events, England stood alone, defending from mortal assault the very life of virtue in mankind. The war, which at its commencement had made Wordsworth an alien in heart from the country of his birth, now bound him to that country which seemed to be the one land in which a passionate sense of justice still survived. Wordsworth poured his adult strength, in comparison with which his youthful enthusiasm seems a shallow excitement, into this channel. Indignation and pity, a lofty sense of right, deep sympathy with the spiritual life of suffering nations, a con-

* It is worth noting that the personages of many of Wordsworth's poems are not literal portraits, but ideal studies formed from several individuals. Wordsworth says of Matthew, "Like the wanderer in 'The Excursion,' this schoolmaster was made up of several, both of his class, and men of other occupations."

[†] Prose Works, vol. iii. pp. 263, 269.

sciousness of his own maturity, and larger force of intellect and of feeling—all these conjoined to lift the whole being of the poet into a nobler mood than it had yet attained. From 1802 to 1815 the shocks of great events followed one another rapidly, and kept aglow Wordsworth's heart and imagination. In the summer of 1802, upon a July morning, before London was awake, Wordsworth left the great city, and from the roof of the Dover coach looked at the gliding river and the sleeping houses as he passed on his way to the Continent. During the brief peace he had an opportunity of contrasting the condition of France under the Consulate, when Calais looked sombre upon Buonaparte's birthday, with her state in the prouder season of his youth, when the very "senselessness of joy" was sublime. The calm which followed the Peace of Amiens was the thunderous calm that goes before a storm. In the autumn months the strength of Wordsworth's soul lay couchant and brooding; his spirit was gathering up its forces; when his eye turned outward, he saw little at that moment in which to rejoice; the pettiness of life, alike though not equally in England and in France, the absence of high aims, heroic manners, and far-searching ideas, oppressed him. Yet he did not really despond; within him lay a forefeeling of the great destiny which was due to his nation. He sank inwards from thought to thought, with no sadness in the nerves, no disposition to tears, no unconquerable sighs, yet with a melancholy in the soul, a steady remonstrance, and a high resolve.* The declaration of war, and the threatened invasion of 1803, roused him to a spirit of more active patriotism:—

No parleying now! in Britain is one breath.

Three years later the conquest of north Germany, that deadly blow which left England to maintain the struggle almost or altogether single-handed, only exalted Wordsworth's spirit of resolution:—

'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought.

In 1808 the treacherous policy of Napoleon consummated itself when Ferdinand was forced to resign the crown of Spain, and the French troops entered Madrid to proclaim Joseph Buonaparte a king. Until this moment the dominant

motive that sustained the war was a stern sense of duty; the highest and best state of moral feeling to which the most noble-minded among Englishmen could attain—except in rare moments of exaltation—was "a deliberate and preparatory fortitude, a sedate and stern melancholy, which had no sunshine, and was exhilarated only by the lightnings of indignation." But the rising of the Spaniards as a nation seemed of a sudden to change the entire face of things. Out of the depth of disappointment and the sense of frustration which followed, Wordsworth thus, in memorable words, describes the change which was effected:—

But from the moment of the rising of the people of the Pyrenean peninsula, there was a mighty change; we were instantaneously animated; and, from that moment, the contest assumed the dignity, which it is not in the power of anything but hope to bestow; and, if I may dare to transfer language, prompted by a revelation of the state of being that admits not of decay or change, to the concerns and interests of our transitory planet, from that moment "this corruptible put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality." This sudden elevation was on no account more welcome, was by nothing more endeared than by the returning sense which accompanied it of inward liberty and choice, which gratified our moral yearnings, inasmuch as it would give henceforward to our actions as a people, an origination and direction unquestionably moral—as it was free—as it was manifestly in sympathy with the species—as it admitted therefore of fluctuations of generous feeling, of approbation and of complacency. We were intellectualized also in proportion; we looked backward upon the records of the human race with pride, and instead of being afraid, we delighted to look forward into futurity. It was imagined that this new-born spirit of resistance, rising from the most sacred feelings of the human heart, would diffuse itself through many countries; and not merely for the distant future, but for the present, hopes were entertained as bold as they were disinterested and generous.

The pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra is Wordsworth's loftiest, most passionate, most prophet-like utterance as a prose-writer. Although an occasional piece, its interest and importance are of an enduring kind. It may be classed in the small group of writings dealing with occasional incidents and events in their relation to what is everlasting and universal, at the head of which stands Milton's prophetic pamphlet, the sublime "Areopagitica." Wordsworth's "Convention of Cintra" takes a place in this group not far below the speech of Milton; and

* I apply to Wordsworth at this time words which he used in another connection.—"Advice to the Young," *Prose Works*, vol. i. pp. 319, 320.

Wordsworth's pamphlet is depressed to that position chiefly because, in its discussion of the details of the French surrender, is retained a larger quantity of the perishable matter of history. Considering the event from a military point of view, we can hardly be warranted in doubting that the decision of Sir Arthur Wellesley, confirmed and justified as it is by the great military historian of the Peninsular War, was a sound and prudent decision. Wordsworth, however, wrote neither as a soldier nor as a mere politician, but with "the antipathies and sympathies, the loves and hatreds of a citizen—of a human being." The military profession cultivates an almost exclusive attention to the external, the material and mechanical side of public events, and a disregard of moral interests, a faintness of sympathy with the best feelings, a dimness of apprehension of the chief truths relating to the happiness and dignity of man in society. The practical statesman, skilled in seeing into the motives and managing the selfish passions of his followers, acquires "a promptness in looking through the most superficial part of the characters of those men, and this he mistakes for a knowledge of human kind." Of the wisdom which includes a recognition of the deeper emotions, the instincts and ardours of a people, the energy to dare and to achieve—at times almost miraculously brought into being—the delicacy of moral honour—in a word, of all that is, as it were, the higher function of the living body of society—men of routine, who manage the machine of the State, are either unaware or contemptuously sceptical. Wordsworth's school of political wisdom did not lie amid a host of petty and conflicting self-interests, nor among factions which force men astray against their will:—

Not there; but in dark wood, and rocky cave,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never will be still.

Among such enduring, free, and passionate presences of nature there were seclusion and a refuge from motives of petty expediency, and arguments of formal, professional pedantry. Here Wordsworth could look into the life of things; here he could submit himself to the vast impalpable motives of justice, and of the deep fraternity of nations; he could pursue those trains of reasoning which originate from, and are addressed to, the uni-

versal spirit of man. His purpose was not merely, with the energy of a widely-ranging intellect, to use truth as a powerful tool in the hand, but "to infuse truth as a vital fluid in the heart." It was not knowledge merely which he wished to convey, but knowledge animated by the breath and life of appropriate feeling; it was not wisdom alone as a possession, but wisdom as a power. Whether men would listen to him or not, did not in the first instance concern Wordsworth. When the singing-robe or the prophetic mantle is on, a man does not peer about anxiously for auditors. The writer felt that he had a work to do, and he was straitened until that work should be accomplished; he uttered his prophecy as the night-wind sings to men who sleep, or revel, or toil at the ledger, and do not hear; only one and another wakeful and apprehensive may attend to the dirge or the promise as it passes by; he that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Wordsworth's style in this pamphlet is singularly living and organic. With the mechanism of sentence-constructing he did not ever trouble himself to make acquaintance, although he had a full sense of the importance of right workmanship in verse. Each sentence here lives and grows before the reader; its development is like a vital process of nature, and the force from which it originates is not speedily expended. "Language," Wordsworth has said elsewhere, "if it do not uphold, and feed, and leave in quiet, like the power of gravitation, or the air we breathe, is a counter-spirit unremittingly and noiselessly at work, to subvert, to lay waste, to vitiate, and to dissolve." Here the thought and feeling are not crystal-like with sharp, clear edges; rather they saturate the language which sustains them as a solvent, and which conveys them to us in such a way that they at once enter into the vital action of the mind. Passages of close inquiry into facts occur, but these are the least permanently interesting portions of the pamphlet. At times the progress of ideas seems to be slow, and the passion studiously deliberate; but the sweep of mind is wide and comprehensive, and the motion seems slow partly because it is high up, and uninterrupted by the recurring incidents which mark and measure the advance of thought or feeling upon a lower level; justice and indignation, sorrow and hope, bear the thought which soars through large spaces of the sky; the motion, when it seems least rapid, is like that of a broad-winged

bird which sails far aloft, and only at long intervals utters a cry.

It is not necessary to retrace the arguments by which Wordsworth attempts to justify the popular indignation against the Convention and its authors. Whether a defeated French army should have been permitted to depart to France with its arms, its baggage, and its plunder, or not, is a question which we can be content to leave unanswered. What loses nothing of its importance and power is the noble conception of national well-being which this pamphlet displays, its comprehension of the spiritual life of a people, its recognition of the superior might of moral over material forces, its lofty and masculine devotion to justice, its sympathy, deep, tender, and impassioned, with the varying moods of hope, resolution, fortitude, rage, despair, of an afflicted land. One or two passages may be selected from the pamphlet, but the whole has an organic unity, and any passage severed from the rest, and thrust forward as a specimen, seems in a measure denaturalized, and deprived of its vital function.

Riddance of the French not the object of the war. — From these impulses, then, our brethren of the peninsula had risen; they could have risen from no other. By these energies, and by such others as (under judicious encouragement) would naturally grow out of and unite with these, the multitudes, who have risen, stand; and if they desert them, must fall. Riddance, mere riddance — safety, mere safety, are objects far too defined, too inert and passive in their own nature to have ability either to rouse or to sustain. They win not the mind by any attraction of grandeur or sublime delight, either in effort or in endurance; for the mind gains consciousness of its strength to undergo only by exercise among materials which admit the impression of its power; which grow under it, which bend under it, which resist, which change under its influence, which alter either through its might or in its presence by it or before it. These, during times of tranquillity, are the objects with which, in the studious walks of sequestered life, genius most loves to hold intercourse; by which it is reared and supported; these are the qualities in action and in object, in image, in thought, and in feeling, from communion with which proceeds originally all that is creative in art or science, and all that is magnanimous in virtue. Despair thinks of *safety*, and hath no purpose; fear thinks of safety, despondency looks the same way; but these passions are far too selfish, and therefore too blind, to reach the thing at which they aim, even when there is in them sufficient dignity to have an aim. All courage is a projection from ourselves; however short-lived, it is a motion of hope. But these thoughts bind too

closely to the present and to the past, that is to the self which is or has been. Whereas the vigour of the human soul is from without and from futurity, in breaking down limit, and losing and forgetting herself in the sensation and image of country and of the human race; and when she returns and is most restricted and confined, her dignity consists in the contemplation of a better and more exalted being, which, though proceeding from herself, she loves and is devoted to as to another.

Vox Populi. — For, when the people speaks loudly, it is from being strongly possessed either by the Godhead or the Demon; and he, who cannot discover the true spirit from the false, hath no ear for profitable communion. But in all that regarded the destinies of Spain, and her own as connected with them, the voice of Britain had the unquestionable sound of inspiration. If the gentle passions of pity, love, and gratitude be porches of the temple; if the sentiments of admiration and rivalry be pillars upon which the structure is sustained; if, lastly, hatred and anger and vengeance, be steps, which, by a mystery of nature, lead to the House of Sanctity; then it was manifest to what power the edifice was consecrated; and that the voice within was of holiness and truth.

Arts of Peace under a Despotism. — Now commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and all the peaceful arts, are of the nature of virtues or intellectual powers; they cannot be given; they cannot be stuck in here and there; they must spring up; they must grow of themselves; they may be encouraged; they thrive better with encouragement and delight in it; but the obligation must have bounds nicely defined; for they are delicate, proud, and independent. But a tyrant has no joy in anything which is endowed with such excellence; he sickens at the sight of it; he turns away from it as an insult to his own attributes.

Wordsworth's political writings, subsequent to the year 1815, are of inferior interest. A part of their effect is that of enabling us to stand away from Wordsworth, clear of his shadow, that we may receive his influence at an independent point of vision of our own. After the peace and the restoration of Louis XVIII., came the dreary age of politics, the time of the Holy Alliance and the regency. Wordsworth's nature, which had been kept fervent by the impression of great events during the war with France, now inevitably in a certain measure cooled, and hardened as it cooled. It has been shown that his position as teacher of new spiritual truths condemned him to hostility towards the ideas inherited from the eighteenth century, among which may be found the chief factors of modern politics, as far as

modern politics are other than stationary or retrogressive. Wordsworth's patriotic enthusiasm on behalf of England, and the English nation and polity, as soon as the ardour kindled and kept alive by the struggle with France had died out, left behind it in his nature a certain deposit of the grey ash of English conservatism. And a plea in favour of Wordsworth's conservatism, as that of a maintainer of things spiritual against the grosser interests of life, may be urged if we consider some of the hard and coarse aspects of the Whiggism of his time, if we reflect upon the exaggerated estimates formed of salvation by "useful knowledge," the pushing upward by strength and shift of the middle class for ascendancy, the apparent substitution in politics of interests in place of ideas, the general devotion to material comfort, the pride in mechanic arts, the hard and shallow criticism of literature uttered by the chief organ of Whiggism. We have conspicuous instances in our own day of chivalrous and ardent natures, which, being bewildered by the yet unorganized civilization of a democratic period, for want of the patience of faith and hope, the enduringness of nerve needed for sane and continuous action, fling themselves into a worship blind to its vaster selfishness and materialisms, or waste their chivalry in schemes for the sudden attainment of a miniature Utopia. Such was not Wordsworth's case. It needs less of insight and imaginative ardour to discover the elements of noble spiritual life in the democracy than in the *bourgeoisie*. Henry Crabb Robinson has recorded that he once heard Wordsworth say, half in joke, half in earnest, "I have no respect whatever for Whigs, but I have a great deal of the Chartist in me." This is literally true. Wordsworth could at no time have become a Whig politician, whose creed must be written in useful prose, not in harmonious song; but had the period of Wordsworth's youth, when a spring-like courage and animation flooded his being, fallen in with the days of the Chartist movement, one can hardly doubt that he would have conceived it to be his special mission to organize the aspirations of the working classes around great ideas, and thus to spiritualize the democracy.

The descent from the pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, to the "Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland" (1818), is steep and sudden. The addresses were written to oppose the candidature of Brougham, and aid in securing the return to Parliament of a member

of the house of Lowther. The long years of hostility to France and loyalty to England have manifestly told upon Wordsworth, and it would require a recession into very broad and abstract doctrines indeed to discover that his principles are now the same with those which he held in 1793. His sympathy with the earlier stages of the French Revolution, which survived until at least the date of the Cintra pamphlet, has now ceased to exist; his condemnation of the war of England against the republic, also distinctly declared in 1808, has now changed into approval. The constitution which Bishop Watson had been reproved for admiring overmuch is now "the happy and glorious Constitution, in Church and State, which we have inherited from our Ancestors." The ideal to which his imagination renders tribute is not now the fierce and fair republic, but "our inestimable Church Establishment." In 1793 Wordsworth wrote, "If you should lament the sad reverse by which the hero of the Necklace has been divested of about 1,300,000 livres of annual revenue, you may find some consolation, that a part of this prodigious mass of riches is gone to preserve from famine some thousands of *cureds*, who were pining in villages unobserved by Courts." In 1818 he wrote, "Places, Pensions, and formidable things, if you like! but far better these, with our King and Constitution, with our quiet firesides and flourishing fields, than proscription and confiscation without them!" Wordsworth had indeed lost courage, as he confesses, when, in the prospect of each possible change, visions of proscription and confiscation rose before him.

The axioms of faith, of hope, of sacred daring, had been recurred to in his earlier writings, and formed the points of departure in his trains of impassioned reasoning; now their place is taken by axioms of prudence, of caution, of distrust. In Wordsworth's new creed there was much that was noble, for, like Burke, he was always an extraordinary, not an ordinary conservative in politics; but one thing that creed necessarily wanted—the power of impulsion, the power of initiating and supporting a steadfast and generous advance. And, as might be anticipated, from this period onward a decline is observable also in the poetry of Wordsworth. He did not now ever enter into novel states of feeling; he was not precisely exhausting an earlier accumulation of power, but he was with feeblener energy and insight repeating processes which had

at one time been so admirably productive. According to the Wordsworthian method in poetry, a certain emanation, partly given by the object, partly by the poet's mind, a *tertium quid* which is neither mind nor object, but an aspect or an influence partaking of both, becomes the subject of song. Wordsworth had now acquired a power of applying this method at will to any topic, and the application of this contemplative method had grown into a habit, only at irregular times inspired by new and vivid emotion, or fed by a fresh, quick outwelling of thought. Thus one is compelled to state the main fact. But it is also true that in Wordsworth's poetry his earlier self, though encumbered by the growth of his later personality, was not extinct. To one who does not wholly fail in sympathy with Wordsworth's genius, while the fading of spiritual light from his poetry is manifest, a mild and equable splendour remains as in the western sky at sunset; places still alive and instinct with intense glory may be discerned, and there are mysterious flushings and brightenings at times; therefore we are unable to withdraw our eyes, though momentarily we may note how quiescence comes, and the repose which will be long.

With those who hold Wordsworth's influence to be a beneficent influence, it is a manifest duty to diminish in no degree the impression which he is capable of making upon the mind of the present time. We are grateful for this gift of his complete prose works. We cannot but express surprise that the English people does not yet possess a complete collection of his poems. We take the present publication as a pledge that now at length we shall be put in possession of that portion of Wordsworth's poetry—of importance in connection with "The Prelude" and "The Excursion"—which is known to exist in manuscript. And to this should be added, in compliance with a wish long entertained, and formally expressed by the poet, the Continental journals of his wife and sister. The warm welcome accorded to Dorothy Wordsworth's journal in Scotland is evidence that the present moment is a ripe and suitable one for such a publication.*

EDWARD DOWDEN.

* The present publication includes one short poem by Wordsworth hitherto unprinted, — some verses inscribed in a copy of his poems presented to the queen in 1846. It breathes the spirit of old age, and, without any distinctive power as poetry, possesses a certain pathetic interest. In connection with the subject of this article, and the charges of renegade and apostate brought against Wordsworth, the reader may be directed to a letter from Mr. Robert Browning to the editor

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

CICELY wrote her letter to her aunt that evening, dropping some tears over it when Mab was not by to see; and almost as soon as it was possible she had a very kind answer, granting her request, and more. Aunt Jane declared that she would receive Mab with great delight, and do everything that could be done to further her art-studies, which, as the British Museum was near, and "a very good artist" lived next door to Miss Maydew, seemed likely to be something worth while. "She shall be to me like my own child; though I have never concealed from either of you that you, Cicely, are my pet," wrote Miss Maydew; and she added a still more liberal invitation. "If you want to spend a few days anywhere between leaving Brentburn and going to the new place, wherever that may be, you must come here — babies and all. I can manage to find beds for you near; and it will be a nice little holiday for us all," said the kind woman. She even added a postscript, to the effect that, if there was a little money wanting at the time of the removal, Cicely was "not to hesitate" to apply to her: and what could woman do more? Sympathy and hospitality, and a little money, "if wanted." Alas! perhaps it is because the money is so sure to be wanted that so few people venture on such an offer; but Miss Maydew knew she was safe with Hester's child, who was so like her mother. Cicely's other letter was successful, too. The lawyer who represented the Chester family was quite willing to postpone the sale until Mr. St. John's time was up. After all, the world is not so very bad as it is called. Nobody was cruel to the St. Johns. The tradespeople agreed to wait for their money. The

with reference to Mr. Browning's poem "The Lost Leader." (Preface, p. xxxvii.) The private impression of the prose works gives a portrait of Wordsworth from a crayon drawing by Nash, made for Southey. I suppose it to be a faithful record of the prosaic aspect of Wordsworth's face, and, as such, of decided value. It were well if this portrait superseded, in editions of Wordsworth's poems, the maudlin Pickersgill likeness, the original of which is at St. John's College, Cambridge. The portrait by Haydon — Wordsworth standing on Helvellyn — from which the head was engraved by Lupton, is stated by a competent authority, the Rev. R. P. Graves, to be the true portrait of Wordsworth in his mood of inspiration. "Nothing," he writes, "can be truer to the original than the droop of the head weighed down by the thoughts and feelings over which the active imagination is pleasurably brooding." The portraits by Haydon and by Nash appear to me to be not opposed, but complementary. On the subject of portraits see the lecture on Wordsworth by Mr. Graves in "Afternoon Lectures" (1869).

Chesters would not for the world disturb the departing curate until he was ready to go; and Mrs. Ascott, and all the other great people in the parish, called and made much of the girls. The church was more full than usual every Sunday, for a vague expectation of a farewell (or, as old Mrs. Joel called it, a funeral) sermon was in the people's minds. A great many of them, now it came to the point, were very sorry that Mr. St. John was going. They would have signed freely anything that had been set before them to make the curate stay. But nevertheless they were all interested about his farewell sermon, and what he would say for himself, and what account he would give of various matters which stuck fast in their rustic recollections. Thus the weeks stole away quite placidly, and the harvest was got in, and August wore out under a great blazing moon with the utmost cheerfulness. One or two answers came to the advertisement in the *Guardian*; but they were not of an encouraging kind. Cicely felt that it was better to repeat it and wait; and her father was always pleased to wait under all circumstances; and the long bright days went away one by one in a kind of noiseless procession, which Cicely felt herself watch with a dreary dismay and restlessness. Nothing had happened yet to avert the calamity that was impending. Everything, on the contrary, seemed preparing for it—leading up to it—though still Mr. St. John went “into the parish,” and still all went on as usual at the rectory. The curate showed no symptom of feeling these last days different from any other; but the girls kept looking forward, and hoping for something, with a hope which gradually fell sick, and grew speechless—and nothing came.

One day when Mrs. Ascott called, Cicely had got into that state of exhaustion and strained anxiety when the mind grows desperate. She had been occupied with the children all day, not able to get free of them—Annie having finally departed, and Betsy being too much displeased at the loss of her sister and subordinate to make any offer of help. The babies had grown more active and more loquacious under the changed *régime*, and this, though it was her own doing, increased poor Cicely's cares. Mab was up-stairs preparing for her departure, which was to be a few days before the general breaking-up. Altogether when Mrs. Ascott came in, fresh and cool out of her carriage, Cicely was not in the best mood to receive her. She gave the children her work-

basket to play with to keep them quiet, and cleared her own brow as best she could, as she stood up and welcomed the great lady. How fresh her toilette was, how unwrinkled her face! a woman altogether at ease, and ready to smile upon everything. She shook hands with Cicely, and took her seat with smiling prettiness. “I have come really on business,” she said; “to see if we could be of any use to you, Cicely—in packing or any of your preparations; and to ask if the time is quite fixed? I suppose your papa must have heard from Mr. Mildmay, and that all is settled now?”

“All—settled?” said Cicely, faintly. The words, so softly and prettily said, went into the girl's heart like a knife; and yet of course it was no more than she expected—no more!

“The appointment, as you would see, is in the paper to-day. I am so sorry your papa is going, my dear; but as he must go, and we cannot help it, at least we have reason to be thankful that we are getting such a good man as Mr. Mildmay. It will be some little compensation to the parish for losing Mr. St. John.”

“Is it—in the papers?” said Cicely, feeling suddenly hoarse and unable to speak.

“You feel it, my poor dear child!—of course you must feel it—and so do we all. There will not be a dry eye in the whole church when Mr. St. John preaches his farewell sermon. To think that he should have been here so long—though it is a little consolation, Mr. Ascott says, that we are getting a thorough gentleman, and so well connected—an admirable man.”

“Consolation!” cried Cicely, raising her head. “What consolation is wanted? Papa is pretty well worn out; he has done almost as much work as a man can do. People cannot keep old things when they are worn out—the new are better; but why should any one pretend to make a moan over it? I do not see what consolation the parish can want. If you cry at the farewell sermon, Mrs. Ascott, I shall laugh. Why should not your eyes be dry—as dry as the fields—as dry as people's hearts?”

“Cicely, Cicely!” cried Mrs. Ascott, shocked; “my dear, I am very sorry for it, but a misfortune like this should be borne in a better spirit. I am sure your poor dear papa would say so; and it's nobody's fault.”

“It is everybody's fault,” cried Cicely, forgetting herself, getting up in her pas-

sion, and walking about the room; "the parish, and the Church, and all the world! Oh, you may smile! It does not touch you; you are well off; you cannot be put out of your home; you cannot have everything taken from you, and see everybody smiling pity upon you, and no one putting out a hand to help. Pity! we don't want pity," cried Cicely; "we want justice. How dare you all stand by and see it done? The Church, the Church! that everybody preaches about as if it was God, and yet that lets an old servant be so treated—an old servant that has worked so hard, never sparing himself! If this is the Church's doing, the Church is harder than the farmers—worse, worse than worldly people. Do you think God will be pleased because he is well connected? or is it God's fault?" Here her voice broke with a sob and shudder, and suddenly dropping from her height of passion, Cicely said faintly, "Papa!"

"What is it?" said the curate, coming in. "Surely I heard something very strange. Mrs. Ascott, I beg your pardon; my ears must have deceived me. I thought Cicely must be repeating, to amuse herself, some speech, perhaps out of 'Paradise Lost.' I have heard of some great man who was caught doing that, and frightened everybody who heard him," said Mr. St. John, shaking hands with the visitor with his friendly smile.

He sat down, weary and dusty from "the parish," and there was a painful pause. Cicely stole away to the corner where her little brothers were playing, her pulse bounding, her heart throbbing, her cheeks aflame, her whole being, soul and body, full of the strong pain and violent stimulus of the shock she had received. She had never expected anything else, she said to herself; she had steadily prepared for the going away, the ruin that awaited them; but, nevertheless, her heart had never believed in it, since that conversation with Mildmay at the rectory gate. Day by day she had awoke with a certainty in her mind, never put into words, that the good news would come, that all would be well. But the shock did not crush her, as it does some people; it woke her up into freshened force and life; her heart seemed to thrill and throb, not so much with pain as with activity, and energy, and power.

"Cicely is very much excited," said Mrs. Ascott, in a low tone. "I fear she is very excitable; and she ought to be more careful in her position—a clergyman's daughter—what she says. I think

you ought to speak to her, Mr. St. John. She flew at me (not that I mind that) and said such things—because I mentioned that Mr. Mildmay's appointment was in the paper this morning; and that since we must lose you—which nobody can be more sorry for than we are—it was well at least that we were getting so good a man."

"Ah!" said the curate. The announcement took him by surprise, and gave him a shock too, though of a different kind. He caught his breath after it, and panted for a moment. "Is it in the papers? I have not seen it. I have no time in the morning; and, besides, I never see the *Times*."

"We hope you will settle to dine with us one day before you go," said Mrs. Ascott. "How we shall miss you, Mr. St. John! I don't like to think of it—and if we can be of any use in your preparations—I hear there is to be a sale, too?"

"Not till we move. They will not put us to any inconvenience; indeed," said the curate, with a sigh and a smile, "everybody is very kind."

"I am sure everybody wishes to be kind," said Mrs. Ascott, with emphasis. "I must not take up your time any longer, for you look very tired after your rounds. But, Mr. St. John, mark my words, you must hold a tight hand over Cicely. She uses expressions which a clergyman's daughter ought not to use."

"What were you saying to her, my dear?" said Mr. St. John, coming in again after he had taken the lady to her carriage; "your voice was raised, and you still look excited. What did you say?"

"It was nothing, papa. I lost my temper—who could help it? I will never do it again. To think of *that* man calmly accepting the living and turning you out of it, after all he said."

"What good would it have done had he refused?" said Mr. St. John. "My dear, how could he help it?"

"Help it?" cried Cicely. "Can nobody help anything in this world? Must we stand by and see all manner of wrong done and take the advantage, and then think we are innocent and cannot help it? That is what I scorn. Let him do wrong if he will, and bear the blame—that is honest at least. But to say he cannot help it; how could he ever dare to give such a miserable excuse?"

"My dear," said the curate, "I am too tired to argue. I don't blame Mildmay; he has done just what was natural, and I

am glad he is coming here; while in the mean time talking will do no good, but I think my tea would do me good," he added with a smile.

Always tea, Cicely could not help thinking as she went away dutifully to prepare it—or dinner, or some trifle; never any serious thought of what was coming, of what had already come. She was young and impatient and unjust, as it is so natural to be at her years. The curate put his hand over his eyes when he was left alone. He was not disappointed or surprised. He had known exactly all along how it would be; but when it thus came upon him with such obvious and unmistakable reality, he felt it sharply. Twenty years! All that part of his life in which anything to speak of had happened to him, and—what was almost as hard to bear—all the familiar things which had framed in his life—the scene, the place, the people, the surroundings he was used to. He had not even his favourite consolation, forlorn pride in never having asked anything, to sustain him, for that was no longer the case. He was asking something—a poor curacy, a priest's place for a piece of bread. The pang was momentary, but it was sharp. He got up, and stretched his long languid figure, and said to himself, "Ah, well! what is the good of thinking? It is soon enough to make one's self wretched when the moment comes," and then he went peacefully into the dining-room to tea. This was not how the younger people took it, but then perhaps they had more capacity for feeling left.

Next morning Cicely got a letter of a very unusual description, which affected her in no small degree. It was from Mildmay, and, perhaps, it will be best to give it in full here:—

"DEAR MISS ST. JOHN,—I have delayed writing to you until I could make sure that you must have seen or heard of the announcement in the papers which will tell the results of my last three weeks' work. Do not think that our last conversation has been obliterated from my mind. Very far from that. I have seen the master and all who are concerned, and have done my best to show them the step which bare justice required at their hands, but ineffectually. I made a point at the same time of ascertaining what were the views of the gentleman to whom Brentburn would be offered in case I refused it, and found him quite decided on the subject. What could I do then? Should I have

declined and put myself entirely out of the way of being of any use at all?

"As a matter of simple justice, I refer the question to you. What am I to do now? My thoughts on the subject have been many, I need not say, since I saw you. May I ask your father to continue at Brentburn as my curate? I am quite inexperienced; his assistance would be of infinite advantage to me; and, in point of fact, as is natural at our respective ages, I should be his curate, not he mine. May I do this? or what else can I do? The position in which I find myself is a painful one. It would have been much easier, I assure you, to have shuffled the whole matter off upon Ruffhead, and to have withdrawn. But I felt a responsibility upon me since I met you; and I ask you now urgently, feeling that I have almost a right to your advice, what am I to do? Yours very truly,

"ROGER MILDMAY."

This letter excited Cicely greatly. By chance it arrived before the others had come into the breakfast-room, and she was able to read it without any looker-on. She put it hurriedly into her pocket before her father and sister appeared. She did not know what answer to make, neither did she feel comfortable about making any answer, and she said nothing about it all day; though—oh, how the letter burned her pocket and her mind! She had scarcely ever known what it was to have a secret before, and not to tell Mab seemed almost wrong. She felt that there was something clandestine about her, going up and down the house with that letter in her possession which nobody knew of. And to answer it—to answer it without any one knowing? This she could not do. She bore the burden of her secret all the day, and surprised Mab very much by her silence about Mr. Mildmay, whom the younger sister abused roundly. "Perhaps it was not his fault," Cicely faltered. What had come over her? What change had happened? Mab was lost in amaze.

The difficulty, however, was solved in a very unexpected way. Next morning—no later—Mr. St. John himself had a letter from Oxford; a letter which made him change colour, and bend his meek brows, and then smile—but not like himself. "Cicely, this must be your doing," he said. "I never made any complaints to Mr. Mildmay, nor said anything to call for his pity. He asks me to be his curate," the old man added, after a pause,

with a strange smile. No one had suspected that Mr. St. John was proud, until it became apparent all at once how proud he was.

"His curate—O papa! you will stay here, and never go away at all," cried Mab out of the fulness of her heart. Cicely knew better. She grew pale, and to stop that outcry of inconvenient delight, grasped tightly her sister's hand.

"Stay here!" said Mr. St. John smiling again. "No, Mab, I am not fallen so low as that, I hope. There is no need of a curate at Brentburn. If I could do without one, at double his age, what should he want with a curate? It is pity, pity! Oh, yes, my dear, I know, very creditable to him; but I did not expect—I never expected to be exposed. Cicely, have you that letter about the curacy in Liverpool? I should like to look at it again."

"But, papa, we agreed that it would not do; a bad town-district, full of dreadful people——"

"The more dreadful people are, the more they want to be looked after," he said. "Write and inquire about it, my dear; I am not particular. Work! that is all I want, not idleness and charity. You all know I am old—but you don't know how much strength I have in me, nor how I like work!" he cried, with a quiver in his voice.

The shock had something of the same effect upon him now that it had previously had on Cicely. The latent pride in him rose up in arms. She had to write by that post about the Liverpool curacy; and before the week was out he had accepted this strange, uncongenial post. He was to be one of three curates in a large parish, including some of the most wretched quarters in the town; the work very hard; the people very degraded.

"Papa, you will never be able to bear it," cried Cicely, with tears in her eyes.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he cried, with feverish energy; "write at once and say I accept. It will do me all the good in the world."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE day after Mr. St. John made this abrupt decision—almost the only decision he had made for himself, without stimulation from others, all his life—he went out into the parish as usual, but came home very tired, and went to bed early, which the girls thought natural enough. During the day Cicely had told Mab of her letter from Mildmay, and had

written an answer to it, thanking him for his consideration, and informing him of the step her father had taken. "We shall never forget how kind you have been," she wrote, gratefully; "both Mab and I feel it to the bottom of our hearts." "Is that too much?" she said, reading it over. "I don't want to say too much."

"But we must not say too little; and if a man who is willing to sacrifice the half of his income is not to be thanked for it, I don't know who is," cried Mab, always practical.

"It is not so much the income," Cicely said, slightly wounded by this matter-of-fact suggestion; "it is the feeling."

"But the offer proves the feeling," said her sister; and indeed she was right.

Mr. St. John came home, as has been said, before his usual hour, and went very early to bed. Next morning he rang his bell—the most unusual sound—and sent word by Betsy that he thought he would not get up. When Cicely went to him—as she did at once in a fright, for the bell and the message together produced a great panic in a house quite unaccustomed (at least, so far as the girls' experience went) to illness—she found him in a partial doze, his large pale hand, looking very nerveless and feeble, lying outside the coverlet.

"No, no!" he said, when she roused him; "not very bad; not bad at all; only tired—and lazy. I have often thought of late that I should like to lie still some morning; and to-day I have done it. That's all, that's all, my dear." He would not hear of the doctor being sent for; and wanted nothing, he declared—nothing but a day's rest. Cicely had to go down-stairs, feigning content with this; but she was far from satisfied. They talked it over all the morning, but there was little enough to be made of it. There was no harm in a day's laziness, and nothing but good in a day's rest; but yet—the girls did not know what to think. Had he been looking ill lately? they asked each other. But, no! he had not been looking ill—a little fatigued, perhaps; tired by the hot weather, as he often was; but just as usual, doing as much as he always did; spending the whole long day "in the parish;" ready to go out morning or night when he was called to any one who was sick. "And what so natural as that he should be tired?" Mab said; "a day's rest will do him good." Cicely, though she was generally the leader, accepted this decision humbly, saying nothing for her own part,

but feeling a sense of dismay steal into her mind, she could not tell why; for though it was quite natural that he should do this, he had never done it before; and an innovation on habits so long established and firmly fixed was very alarming and bewildering. But Mab had the coolest judgment of the two, she said to herself—and no doubt Mab was right.

And next day it appeared indeed that Mab had been right. Mr. St. John came down to breakfast as usual, saying cheerfully that he was quite well, and went out "into the parish," as usual. The day's rest had done him "all the good in the world;" it had "set him up;" nor did he say anything more again about feeling tired. How quickly the days passed during that last fortnight! They seemed to tumble on each other, one following on another's heels, holding so little of all the work they ought to see completed. It was settled that the curate was to leave on the 25th of September, in order that the sale should be over and everything cleared away before the quarter-day. Mildmay wrote again a pleading note to Cicely, a guarded but anxious one to her father, pointing out with abject civility that it would be the greatest possible advantage to himself if Mr. St. John would consent to stay. Mr. St. John only smiled and shook his head, and handed the letter over to Cicely, who was not so confidential in return. "Write to him for me, my dear, for I have not time. Say how obliged I am, but that it is impossible." "Is that all, papa?" said Cicely, faltering. "All? What could be said more? And that everything will be ready by quarter-day—everything ready." As he said this he gave a strange bewildered look round him at the solid mahogany furniture which stood steadfast against the walls, looking as if it never could be changed or taken away. This look was still in his eyes when he went out to the parish, and when he came back—a sort of dreamy wonder and confusion. Cicely thought he had the same look next morning, and the next and next, as if he had somehow got astray from his moorings in life, and could not make out what was going to happen to him, or why it was going to happen. Mab said, "Nonsense, you are getting fanciful. Papa looks exactly as he has always looked;" and indeed everything went on just the same as usual, showing no other difference except this look, if there was a difference at all. He went about just as usual, preached his two little sermons on the Sunday, went to

the schools, kept up all the occupations he had been used to for twenty years; but nevertheless continued to have that dazed look in his eyes, sometimes only bewildered, sometimes startled, like the look of an animal who dumbly foresees something approaching which it knows to be malign, but can neither avert nor understand. This, at least, was what Cicely saw in her father's eyes; no one else dreamt of looking at his eyes particularly, or cared what they meant. Perhaps his usually tranquil manners were disturbed a little, but how natural that was! In the evening when they were sitting together he would grow quite talkative, telling the girls little stories of his first coming here, and of their mother's trials in the new parish, and would even laugh softly over them, saying, "Poor Hester! You grow more and more like her, Cicely, my dear!" and then he would drop into long silence, never taking a book or the newspaper which came in the evening, but sitting quite still looking round him. The girls did not know, however, that his parish rounds got shorter; that in several of the cottages he had been compelled to wait and rest, and that here and there he had seemed to forget everything around him, falling into a half-faint or harmless trance, from which he would rouse up, and smile upon them, and go on. This, however, they were not told till long after, when it seemed to them, that, if they had but known—but if they had, I don't know what they could have done.

On the 22nd Mab went to London to Aunt Jane. It was not to be a parting, for it was arranged that Mr. St. John and the rest of the family were to go there also on the 25th, and rest for the night, and afterwards start on their journey to Liverpool; but still the girls were sad enough as they walked to the station together, Mab's boxes having been sent on before by Farmer Dent's cart. Their eyes were dim with tears as they went through the faded heather on the common. "You will have plenty to fret about," said Mab, "with all you have got to do; and, oh, Cicely, I beg of you, don't be silly and fret about papa! He feels it, of course—but he is quite well, as well as you or me." "I hope so, dear," said Cicely meekly, with a tremor in her voice; and when they got to the station they looked through all the carriages till they saw in one a middle-aged homely woman, whose box, labelled for "London," was being put in, under the seat. Then Cicely established Mab in the opposite corner.

It was the best that could be done for her, for no one could be spared to go with her, even could they have afforded the expense. Cicely walked home alone, feeling as if the world had suddenly grown dark and lonely round her. Mab had set out upon life, and she for her part was returning to hers — to the tradespeople, who were all to be paid so much, out of the fifty pounds which the curate had to receive, and to the babies, who had no one to look after them but herself, and to her father, with that bewildered look in his eyes. Next morning the auctioneer was coming to begin his inventory, and arrange the business of the sale, though the actual auction did not commence until twelve o'clock on Thursday, the day they were to leave.

On Tuesday morning, however, before he went out to the parish, Mr. St. John suddenly stumbled upon the auctioneer, who had gone quietly into the study as soon as its temporary master left, and was kneeling before the large old-fashioned writing-table, which Mr. St. John had used for so long, examining it, and tapping it with his knuckles to see where the drawers were. He had his back to the door, and did not see the surprised spectator, who stood and looked at him for a whole minute in silence. The curate went back to the hall where Cicely stood waiting for him with his hat in her hand. "Who is that? — who is that man?" he said, with his eyes more cloudy and wild than they had ever been, and a sort of palsied trembling all over him.

"No harm, papa," said Cicely, trying to be cheerful; "only the auctioneer."

"Yes, yes, I remember," he said, taking his hat from her. "It was stupid of me not to remember."

"But, papa, you are trembling. You are not well. Come back and rest a little," she cried.

"No, no; it is nothing. Go back where? I suppose he is going through all the rooms?" said Mr. St. John. "No, no; it gave me a little shock, foolishly, but the air will blow it all away," he said, with a smile, recovering himself.

What terrors were in Cicely's mind all that day! but fortunately for her she had not much time to indulge them. She had to do all her packing, to take care of the children, to separate the few things her father possessed from Mr. Chester's furniture, to see after everything and everybody, providing something even (though she had so little) for the auctioneer and his men. And it was a relief to her when

her father came back a little earlier than usual, and looking no worse. She said to herself that Mab was right; that he felt it, of course — which was to be expected — but otherwise was as well as usual. He had a little colour in his cheeks, and ate very well, and afterwards fell asleep in his chair. How natural it was that he should fall asleep! It was the very best thing for him. Notwithstanding, in her anxiety, Cicely went out into the garden to look at him through the open window, and make sure that all was right. How white his venerable head looked lying against the dark corner of the chair, his face like ivory but for the little pink in his cheeks, but he looked well, although he was wearied out, evidently; and no wonder! It was the most natural thing in the world.

Next day he was stronger and more cheerful in the morning. He went out, and made a round of all the poor people, saying good-bye to them; and half the people in Brentburn came crying to the doors of the cottages, and said "Good-bye, sir!" and "God bless you, sir!" curtsying and wiping their eyes with their aprons. All the last sixpences he had went that day to the old women and the children to buy a little tea or some sweets in the little shop. He was very heavy about the eyes when he came home, and took his tea eagerly. Then he went out for an evening stroll, as he had been used to do before all these troubles came. He did not ask Cicely to go with him, but no doubt he knew how busy she was. When, however, she had put the children to bed, and packed everything but the last box, which was left till to-morrow morning, Cicely perceived that daylight was over, and that it was getting late. Her father was not in any of the rooms. Frightened, she ran out, and gazed about her looking for him; then, seeing no one up or down, in a sudden passion of terror, hurried up the bank to the white churchyard stile. There she found him at once, standing close by the cross on her mother's grave. He had one arm round it, and with his other hand was picking away the yellow mosses that had crept over the stone; but he stopped when she called him, and picked up his hat which lay at his feet, and came with her quite submissively.

"It is late, papa," said Cicely, with quivering lips.

"Yes, yes, my dear; yes, you are quite right," he said, and walked towards the rectory — but like a blind man, as if he did not see where he was going. Two or three times she had to guide him to keep

him from stumbling 'over the humble graves, for which usually he had so much reverence. He went into the house in the same way, going straight before him, as if he did not know where the doors were; and, instead of going into the dining-room, where supper was laid as usual, he took up a candle which stood on the hall-table, and went to his study. Cicely followed him, alarmed; but he did nothing more than seat himself at his writing-table.

"Are you not coming to supper, papa?" she said.

"Did any one speak?" he asked, looking up eagerly, as if he did not see.

"O papa, dear, come to supper!" she cried. Then his vacant face seemed to brighten.

"Yes, my love, yes. I am coming; I am coming——"

Cicely did not know what to say or to think. Was it to her he was speaking? She went away, her heart beating loud, to see that all was ready, hoping he would follow. But as he did not come in about ten minutes after, she went back. The room was dark, one corner of it only lighted by the candle, which threw all its light on his pale face and white hair. He was turning over some papers, apparently absorbed. He did not seem to observe her entrance. She went up to him softly, and put her hand upon his shoulder. "Come, please, papa, I am waiting," she said.

He turned to her, a great light shining over his face. "Ah! yes, my darling, you are waiting. How long have you been waiting? But I'm ready—ready. I knew you would come, Hester, I knew you would come when I wanted you most——"

"Papa!" cried Cicely, in a voice shrill with terror.

He started, the light went out of his face, his eyes grew cloudy and bewildered. "What were you saying, Cicely? I am getting—a little hard of hearing. I don't think I heard what you said."

"Come in to supper, papa."

"Yes, yes; but you need not trouble; there is nothing the matter," he said, recovering himself. And he went with her and ate something dutifully, not without appetite. Then he returned to his study. When Cicely went to him there to say good-night he was smiling to himself. "I am coming; I am coming," he said. "No need to tell me twice; I know when I am in good hands."

"Good-night, papa—you are going to bed?—we must be early to-morrow," said Cicely.

"Yes, early—early," he said, still smil-

ing. "Directly, Hester—before you have reached the gate——"

"Papa! don't you know me?" cried Cicely, trembling from head to foot.

Again he turned to her with his old face all lighted up and shining. "Know you! my darling!" he said.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

IN A STUDIO.

Mallett. So you think it is best to go on repeating a creed or formula of words, the meaning of which you do not take the trouble to investigate. You say this merely out of paradox.

Belton. Let us leave out the question of religion—which we shall not probably agree upon. My notion is that it is best to allow others to have their own way and their own belief. I do not know that I am absolutely infallible, and I find it quite enough to do my own duty. Live and let live is my motto. Think and let think!

Mallett. With such principles we should never have had a Reformation, a Protestant Church, nay, not even a Christian Church. If you had been born a pagan, you would have accepted the creed of your neighbours, and explored, if you had the good luck to be made an augur, the entrails of beasts to divine the future.

Belton. Cicero did this.

Mallett. I know he did, and it never ceases to amaze me.

Belton. He was too wise to oppose the whole current of belief in his age; and besides, his thought undoubtedly was coloured by his early religious impressions, by the scenes in the temples, and the repetitions of formulas, and the sacrifices to the gods, and the invocations by the priests, as the thought and feelings of every man still are by the lessons and dogmas and formalities that were impressed upon his mind before he began to think and question. Besides, it is easier not to think; easier to run in the old ruts than to make new paths. It saves a world of bother. And the power of words and formulas is mighty. They have always been wondrous in their effect, and the world has always believed in them—and always will. You are surprised that Cicero should gravely have performed the duties of an augur: what will you say then to Marcus Portius Cato, who believed that sprains could be cured by a formula of incantation, and seriously recommends it as a sovereign remedy? "Take," he says, "a

reed of about four or five feet in length, split it in the middle, and let two men hold each end on a line with their thighs. Then let one say these words as they move towards each other, "*Motas vaeta daries dardaries, astataries dissunapiter.*" At the point where they meet and touch each other let the reed be cut in halves, with a sword held in the left and right hand of each, and if this be bound on to the fracture or dislocation it will be healed. Every day an incantation must be sung in these words, "*Huat hanat huat ista pista sista domiabo damnaustra.*" These are the words, if I recollect them right; though, as they appear differently in different editions, I will not be sure how they run exactly.

Mallett. They remind me of our old calls at school, such as "Eny meny mony mike, Barcelona bony strike, huldy gully boo." But it seems impossible that such a man as Cato could have believed in such nonsense.

Belton. Oh, Marcus Portius Cato was not peculiar in this belief. The virtue of incantations was universally recognized. Homer, in the nineteenth book of the *Odyssey*, says that when Ulysses was wounded in the knee by a wild boar, the sons of Autolycus stopped the black blood by a spell; but he does not tell us what the spell was. In the *Tabulæ Decemvirales*, also, there were laws prohibiting incantations to draw away harvests from the fields — "*ne pelliciunt alienas segetes excantando ne incantando ne agrum defraudant.*" But this is nothing. Tibullus, Lucan, Ovid, and others make a maga pluck the stars out of the sky and change the course of a river by words of incantation. So, too, among the ancient Jews, charms and incantations were employed to cure diseases, cast out demons, dispel evil influences, and avert enchantments; and numerous forms of spells and charms are given in the Talmud to preserve those who use or wear them against the malignity of demons, and the terrors of the evil one. Solomon himself is said by the Talmud to have been instructed in the arts of magic by the demons Asa and Asael, and to have composed the most powerful of spells and exorcisms, and even by means of them to have compelled the aid of demons in the building of the temple itself.

Mallett. I remember in the "Arabian Nights" the terrible ginn that was imprisoned in a vase sealed with the signet of Solomon, and that rose out of the vase when the seal was broken by the fisherman, and towered aloft like a vast cloud —

a horrible and mighty figure that appalled my boyish imagination. Of course I believe all this, for I read it when I was a child; but building the temple by the aid of demons is rather strong.

Belton. Ay, and the story told about it in the Talmud is a very curious one. Solomon desired to have the assistance of the worm Schamir, but not knowing where to find him, conjured up two devils, who informed him that he was in the power of the prince of the seas, and gave him instructions how to secure him. Solomon obeyed the instructions, secured Schamir, and by his assistance built the temple.

Mallett. "Tis a strange serpent," as *Lepidus* says.

Belton. Ay, and as the clown says of the asp, "The worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people." But who shall say after such stories as these that there is no power in words? On the contrary they are, and always have been, a mighty power, and it is not necessary they should have any definite meaning. The more unintelligible they are the better. "*Omne ignotum pro mirifico*," is the true rule — *credo quia impossibile*. There is a mystery about the unknown and the impossible which the known and the possible cannot have. I daresay some of our old calls were originally incantations of great power once, but now fallen in the world's estate, and used ignorantly by boys.

Mallett. Do you remember any more of those old jingles that we counted out with when we were boys?

Belton. Yes, several; here's one: —

Shu, shu, shulailu,
Shulai, shulai, shillaballa ku.
First time I saw her shillaballa eel,
Dis cum bibbololla blu slo reel.

And here's another: —

Hoky poky wangery fum
Polevee kee ky bulum kum,
Wungery fungery wingery wum,
King of the Cannibal Islands.

Mallett. They carry me back to my old days. Do you remember this very common one?

Onery youery ickery Ann,
Phillissy phollissy Nicholas John,
Queebey quauby Irish Mary,
Buck.

Belton. Yes; that was one the girls used to say. But the boys had a variation and development of it. And here is another which you will remember: —

One a zoll, zeu a zoll, zig a zoll zan,
 Bob-tail, vinegar, tittle tol tan.
 Harum-scarum, virgin marum
 Blindfold.

Mallett. That last is a queer mixture. The first part seems a corruption from the Dutch, and the latter part to be Catholic. And this reminds me of a curious book, published in 1837, and written by Mr. John Bellenden Ker, in which the author seeks to prove that many of the popular phrases now in common use, as well as the English nursery rhymes and nonsense-verses we learn as children, are merely corruptions of Low-Dutch poems, epigrams, and proverbs, which in the original he supposes to have had in many cases a purely political significance, and which have assumed their English form by imitation of their sound in the original without regard to the sense. His book is an elaborate attempt to prove this proposition by translating these verses and phrases back into Low Dutch merely through their sound; and in doing this he shows a remarkable though extraordinarily misplaced ingenuity. For instance—let me get the book and read you one or two, and you will judge for yourself. Here is the sailor's phrase, "He has gone to Davy's locker," which he translates "*Hij is ga'en toe die Eewig's lucker.*" "He is gone to him who is eternal (to eternity itself). May happiness attend him there—luck to him." Again, "Head over heels" he translates into "*Heet over ijs,*" "To be vehement beyond proper haste." "Tit for tat" is "*Dis vor dat,*" this for that. These do indeed seem to have a certain correspondence; but what do you think of this? "To die in one's shoes"—meaning to come to the gallows—which he translates, "*T'u d' haeye in wan sjrws;*" that is, "When you have caught the shark it is of no use to you,—implying a bad job, a hard pull, and nothing caught but carrion." This last is the general character of the translations into Dutch, excessively curious and ingenious, and equally absurd. But the nursery rhymes are still more ingenious. For instance—

Hey diddle diddle,
 The cat and the fiddle—
 The cow jumped over the moon;

becomes—

Hye, died t'el, died t'el,
 De quit end de vied t'el—
 De kauw j'hummt Hoeve eer; dij moe aen,
 De lij t'el doghe laft tot sij sus sport,
 Hou yt te dies; "Ran haft er dij spaë aon."

The meaning of which is, Mr. Ker says, "You that work hard for your bread, do contrive among yourselves to shame the thief and the mischief-maker. This jackdaw (priest) kept on repeating, 'Plough the land duly; be painstaking, my man;' and this curse to every virtue he continues harping on in the same strain until he is cut short. Be sure you salute him at once with 'My active fellow, take you this spade and get your own bread with it honestly, and don't filch from others.'"

And here is one more of—

Little Boopeep has lost his sheep,
 And cannot tell where to find them;
 Let them alone, and they'll come home,
 And bring their tails behind them.

This would seem intelligible nonsense enough in the English; but he makes of it this Low-Dutch rhyme—

Lettel Boopeep ese lost is saijpe;
 End kanie nood t'el wêr te vand om;
 Lette hin al home! t'hee! kom hou'em,
 End beringh! teer t'heels heded em.

"Little Boopeep,* his food and delight are drink. It is this love of the cup which has invited him again to go out on a fresh visit—keep to yourselves all reproaches on this head! The whole of you come and do him honour, and form a circle round him. Provision has been procured, and will be offered to all of us." I think these will do as specimens. Many of the nursery rhymes, he seems to think, are satires against the priests, and among them are those I have read.

Belton. A more amazing perversion of talent and ingenuity I never knew.

Mallett. Are not these nonsense or baby rhymes intelligible enough as they stand?—many of them charming in their rhythm; some full of grace and freedom of flow; and some essentially songs made to be sung; as, for instance—

Little Boopeep has lost his sheep;

or—

Hush-a-bye baby on the tree-top,
 When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
 When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
 And down come baby, cradle and all.

Or that striking and mysterious one of the beggars—

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
 The beggars are coming to town,
 Some in rags and some in tags,
 And some in velvet gowns.

* "Boopeep" is the limitour—the begging friar.

Belton. Or this, which has a grand rhythm—

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
And a gay ladie.

Or—

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And fair maids all in a row.

One can sing any of these. In fact, one cannot help singing them—they carry their music with them.

Mallett. Much of their charm, I doubt not, comes from old associations; but still there is a charm about them beyond all this, otherwise they would not have lasted so long and delighted so many children.

Belton. There is nothing more difficult than to write a good song. It requires a lightness and delicacy of touch which are rare. It must be musical in its flow, open vowelled, and, as it were, born in a moment, and not produced by patient elaboration. Some of Shakespeare's songs are exquisite—light as a breath, yet full of feeling and grace. Herrick also wrote charming songs—easy and careless, and with a sort of wayward grace,—as, for instance, his night-piece to Julia, beginning—

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee, etc.

Or—

Gather you rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying;

which one cannot help singing; or,

Goe, happy rose, and interweave
With other flowers bind my love—
Tell her that she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft hath fettered me.

Or—

Faire daffodills are mess to see,
You haste away so soon.

Mallett. Some of the songs of Sir Thomas Wyatt have a certain manly character of song about them which pleases me, and so have Lovelace's, and Waller's, and Carew's, and Wither's. Ben Jonson always seems formal and stiff in his songs; and even his "Drink to me only with

thine eyes" is far-fetched, and has not the easy grace and naturalness of the others. Herrick, however, seems to me the freshest of all the song-writers of his period, and his song to Anthea, who may command him anything, is delightful.

Belton. I don't agree with you about "Drink to me only." It seems to me a charming song. No bacchanalism could be more refined. Indeed, a friend of mine once heard it sung at a great temperance and teetotal celebration. It may be far-fetched, as you say, in its images, but it is so familiar to my mind, so associated with old memories, and so closely wedded to the delightful music to which we always sing it, that I cannot judge of it as if I heard it for the first time.

Mallett. Ah, yes! that is true; one cannot separate the music and the words of a song. They become finally one in the mind.

Belton. In our minds who hear them, though sometimes the poet is jealous of the composer. And there are cases when it is "hard lines" for the poet. For instance, it is by no means easy to write a good libretto for an opera; but, good or bad, no one ever asks or cares who wrote it, so utterly lost is it in the music.

Mallett. Probably because all librettos are so execrable. But this, by the way, reminds me of our friend L—, who has a pretty taste for music, and wrote airs for several of T—'s songs. One evening he was singing one of these songs to some friends, and T— himself was among them. In the midst of it he was interrupted by the poet, who cried out, "Stop, stop! you have not got that line right." "Who the deuce cares for the words?" retorted the singer; "it is only the music that any one cares for."

Belton. I am afraid he was nearly right. If not, how is it that we can listen to such rubbish as the general run of songs are without the music? And even when we have the best, we cannot help feeling the music more than the words. Really, to enjoy the poetry of a song, one should read it to an ideal melody of its own—a phantasm or dream of music in the mind—and not hear it actually sung.

Mallett. There are some songs which read very well and sing very badly. No song sings well unless it is open-vowelled, and has the rhythmic stress on the vowels. Tennyson's songs, for instance, are not generally adapted to music. They are too consonanted and too alliterative, and the weight of the measure is on the consonants. They are harmonies,

not melodies, of words. Take, for instance, "Claribel," which he calls "a melody" —

Where Claribel low lieth,
The breezes pause and sigh,
Letting the rose-leaves fall,
And the solemn oak-tree sigheth
Thick-leaved, ambrosial, etc.

It would not be possible to sing this. A poem may be very beautiful and not fit to be sung. It may be very poor as a poem and very singable. Some of Tennyson's songs are really singable — as, for instance, "Sweet and low."

Belton. Of late song-writers Burns had the truest and most natural gift. Some of his songs are delightful. What could be more sweet and natural than the "Ae fond kiss and then we sever"?

I'll not blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

Or these pathetic lines —

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly;
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Or the whole song to "Mary Morrison," or "My love is like the red, red rose," or a dozen others. But he is quite as happy in his other veins — as in "Scots wha hae," or "Duncan Gray."

Mallett. What do you say of Shelley's songs?

Belton. Some of them are exquisite, and sing themselves. What can be more charming than "One word is too often profaned," or "Swifter far than summer's flight," or "When the lamp is shattered," or "Wilt thou forget the happy hours?" or "As the moon's soft splendour," or "Oh world, oh life, oh time," or "Music when soft voices die;" or, last, those lines to an Indian air — "I arise from dreams of thee"? And, by the way, do you know the Indian air to which these lines were written?

Mallett. Very well; and the words are admirably adapted to it. The air is slow, languid, and a little monotonous in its movements, but of a tender, dreamy character, like the flowing of a stream by moonlight. No wonder Shelley was impressed by it. I remember being shown many years ago, at the Baths of Lucca, the original MS. of this song, in Shelley's handwriting. It was then in the possession of Colonel Stisted, and, according to his account, was taken from the pocket-

book which was in Shelley's breast-pocket at the time he was drowned off Lerici. The MS. was worn, stained, and somewhat obliterated by having been so long in the water; and not only from its being in the handwriting of Shelley, but from the circumstance of its being found on his body after death, had a very sad and peculiar interest.

Belton. That was an autograph worth possessing. Poor Shelley! what a delicate and refined nature he had — how full of pure aspiration, and how misunderstood! The world now does him justice — but too late to comfort him. Is it not strange that the public should have almost refused to listen to him while he lived — that they should have thrown aside and trampled in the dust these almost perfect little poems, while the most trivial verses of Byron were cherished and applauded, and went sounding through the world?

Mallett. They judged him by his opinions, not by his poems. He was what they called an infidel, because he would not accept the dogmas of the Church. Yet where will you find higher aspirations towards all that is pure and exalted; more passionate longings for universal love, truth, and justice; or a stronger insistence on all that is noble and refined in humanity?

Belton. But Byron was not a whit less of an infidel in their sense than Shelley; and yet they accepted him, and did more than justice to his poems: and as for his life, it was anything but moral.

Mallett. Shelley was too refined and spiritual in his poems for the age in which he lived. His muse had only wings, and not feet. It could soar into ideal heights, but it could not walk on the earth. Byron, on the contrary, appealed to the passions, the senses, and the sentimentality of the day, and hit the taste of that *Sturm und Drang* period. Besides he was Lord Byron, which was a power in itself. After all, I cannot but think Brougham was right in his bitter criticism of his "Hours of Idleness." Is there in these poems anything above mediocrity? They give almost no promise of the power that he afterwards developed. Who could have dreamed that the same person who wrote them would afterwards write "Childe Harold," "The Pirate," "Lara," and "The Siege of Corinth"? The sting of Brougham's whip roused all that was dormant in his nature; and perhaps we owe to that bitter criticism the real awakening of his genius. It is quite possible that without this he might have droned on in the same strain all his life. But he woke up suddenly; and

with a vengeance—and the world caught a Tartar indeed. Not indeed that I can see anything remarkable in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is very abusive; but with few exceptions its satire is weak as it is violent and unjust.

Belton. How sweet and noble Shelley's character shows in contrast with that of his companion fellow-poet, Byron! The nature of the one was as coarse as that of the other was refined.

Mallett. What always disgusted me in Byron is that he simulated vices which he did not really possess—at all events, to the degree he pretended. He thought it a fine thing to have the reputation of being a Don Juan. There was nothing high and earnest in him; and he was constantly posing for effect.

Belton. You will not deny that he was a great poet, notwithstanding.

Mallett. He was a poet, certainly, and had remarkable genius, but with little culture and scholarly training. There is great energy in his writings, though it is often false and spasmodic, and he undoubtedly had, so to speak, great go; but he was careless in his language, and rarely wrote choice English. His epithets, for instance, are almost always poor and unselected, and his style is far from close and clean. It was, on the contrary, slipshod and swelling. As for his philosophy, it was very poor. But, despite all this, his intensity and energy gave a power to his poetry which is undeniable; it stimulates you and carries you on with it so rapidly that you leap its defects. But there is nothing vexes me more than to hear foreigners couple his name and Shakespeare's together as the two great English poets. It plainly shows, what we were speaking of the other day, that it is impossible for a foreigner to feel those distinctions of style, and those sympathetic touches, which are so plain to every cultivated Englishman. Even the most cultivated cannot feel as we do, who are to the manner born.

Belton. Some of his descriptions of nature are grand as well as beautiful; as, for instance, his description of summer on Lake Leman, and of the thunderstorm in the Alps.

Mallett. That last is undoubtedly a grand passage, though deformed by a monstrous simile of mountains rejoicing on a young earthquake's birth. But—

From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder, etc.,

is very fine.

Belton. Do you know any other description of a thunderstorm half as impressive?

Mallett. Yes; one at least—very different in character, but at least equally fine. It occurs in a letter written by Shelley to Maria Gisborne, and is accurately true to nature and full of power. It is not a thunderstorm raging round the poet in the Alps, but coming on in the Apennines, seen from afar. The scenery is Italian, and not Swiss. I think I can remember the passage. It runs thus:—

The thunder-smoke
Is gathering on the mountains like a cloak
Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare;

The ripe corn under the undulating air
Undulates like an ocean; and the vines
Are trembling wide in all their trellised lines;
The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill
The empty pauses of the blast; the hill
Looks hoary through the white electric rain;
And from the glens beyond in sullen strain
The interrupted thunder howls; above
One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye of love

On the unquiet world.

Belton. Very fine, and very true. What a sense of nature and truth! The *awakening* sea—the *hoary* hill—and more than all, the *white electric* rain! how true, how choice, and how new these epithets are! One seems to see and feel the whole landscape. The undulating corn—the wide, trembling vines—the interrupted thunder—the chasm of blue sky—the hoary hill—the thunder-smoke gathering on the mountains. How Italian, as you say, is the whole scene! Yes, that is indeed a wonderful picture by a great artist.

Mallett. Let us have another thunderstorm by Browning, also very remarkable. It occurs in "Pippa Passes," when Sebald and Ottima are recalling a storm in the pine-forest:—

Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead,
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt through the pine-tree roof. Here burnt

and there
As if God's messenger through the close wood screen

Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,

Feeling for guilty me and thee; then burst
The thunder like a whole sea overhead.

Is not that very striking?

Belton. It is, indeed, a very remarkable passage. How admirably he uses the final alliteration in those words—bright

white shaft burnt through the pine-tree roof! It gives a quick, sudden vividness to the lightning. Then, too, the image of God's messenger plunging his weapon at a venture to find the guilty ones, is also very poetic. But let me give you another by Browning, short and terse as Dante —

In at heaven and out again
Lightning! where it broke the roof
Blood-like, some few drops of rain.

There!

Mallett. That is very very close, quick, and true. Shall we add one or two of the storms out of "The Tempest" and "King Lear"? Shall we give our face, like Lear's —

To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning?

Or shall I, with Prospero, say I have —

Called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt?

Belton. On the whole, suppose we let it clear off now, and let the sun break forth, and sit down under the trees and begin again the songs that we were singing when these thunderstorms came on, and remember Wordsworth: —

There was a roaring in the wind all night,
The rain came heavily and fell in floods.
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove
broods;

The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant sound of
waters;

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with raindrops; on the
moors

The hare is running races in her mirth.

Mallett. Or let the storm pass, as it does in the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven. Do you remember that wonderful passage when, after the roar and rattle of heaven's artillery, the soft wind-instruments breathe forth their pastoral airs, and nature smiles again, and the blue sky again broods over the world?

Belton. Ay, I remember it well, and wonderful it is. Well, let us sing then, since the storm has passed.

Mallett. One moment more. Let us have two night-scenes first, of peace and

beauty. Good poetry provokes repetition, — and first Shelley's Italian night: —

Unpavilioned heaven is fair;
Whether the moon into her chamber gone,
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan
Climbs with diminished beams the azure
steep;
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
Piloted by the many-wandering blast,
And the rare stars rush through them, dim
and fast.

Belton. Charming!

Mallett. —

I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit
Built round dark caverns, even to the root
Of the living stems who feed them, in whose
bowers
There sleep in their dark dew the folded
flowers.

Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air; and,
borne

In circles quaint and ever-changing dance,
Like winged stars the fireflies flash and glance
Pale in the open moonshine, but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
A meteor tamed, a fixed star gone astray
From the silver regions of the milky way.
Afar the contadino's song is heard,
Rude but made sweet by distance, and a bird
Which cannot be a nightingale, and yet,
I know none else that sings so sweet as it
At this late hour; and then all is still.

Belton. What sweet fancy, and what an eye for nature he had! Now, if you have it on your memory give me Byron's night-scene on Lake Leman as a pendant, — "It is the hush of night."

Mallett. I do not accurately remember it. Pray repeat it yourself.

Belton. —

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen
Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep, and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the
shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the
ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night
carol more.

He is an evening reveller who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment — then is still;
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy — for the starlight dew
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of their
hues.

Mallett. I am sorry you did not stop with the "floating whisper on the hill." The latter lines are, excuse me, mere twaddle; and throughout there is a strange mixture of poetry and prose, of feeling and triviality, of carelessness and truth, which jars upon the mind. The epithets, too, are anything but felicitous in most cases. *Darkened Jura, capt heights* (capt with what?), living fragrance (why living?), flowers fresh with childhood, starlight dews, — then darkened Jura's capt heights *appear precipitously steep* — *appear*, indeed — they are precipitously steep, or steeply precipitous, or precipitously precipitous. "Sings his fill," — how common! Then can there be anything more prosaic than to state of the floating whisper on the hill, that it is "fancy"? By the grasshopper, I suppose he means the *grillo*, or cricket; and think of his chirp being a "carol," and a "good-night carol"!

Belton. Granted. *E pure si muove.* After all your criticisms, there is something in these verses which charms the ear and the sense, and gives you the feeling of night.

Mallett. I admit it. But there is no precision of observation, no real truth to nature, no exact use of language or epithet, though there is a certain charm which one cannot but feel. Do you remember how Byron begins "Parisina" —

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard?

It almost makes me think he never heard the nightingale. "High note" indeed! Think of calling the nightingale's low bubbling tones and liquid trills "high notes"! I know of no other poet who would have been so carelessly untrue. Imagine for a moment Shelley or Wordsworth or Keats, or Coleridge or Tennyson or Browning, applying such an epithet to the nightingale's song. Remember Coleridge's description in his charming poem to the nightingale.

Belton. Byron wrote almost nothing which can justly be called a song. They are all rather poems, and what used to be called stanzas; some of them are, however, singable, such as "When we two parted in silence and tears," of which the first four lines are the best, and "Though the day of my destiny's over," or "Remind me not," which I like best of all, though it is less known and quoted than many. His "Hebrew Melodies" are not truly melodies or songs, but verses, though they have been set to music, and sing fairly

well. Do you remember "Remind me not"? I will repeat the first two verses: —

Remind me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanished hours,
When all my soul was given to thee —
Hours which shall never be forgot
Till time and all these mortal powers
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget, can I forget,
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick that fluttering heart would move?
No, by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

This is a song, and full of feeling, too, with nothing that is far-fetched and stilted.

Mallett. I can match it with Shelley's —

Wilt thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould:
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves the hopes that still remain.

Belton. More sad and fanciful, but less passionate than Byron's.

Mallett. What do you say to "There's not a joy the world can give like what it takes away"?

Belton. It is all artificial, and I do not like it. Some of the images are frigid conceits, as bad at least as even Moore's worst. What can one think of such lines as these —

The heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of
our tears;
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis
when the ice appears?

Mallett. I think it is as bad as bad can be. Scott had a better sense of song, and some of his songs are very spirited, — such as his "Waken, lords and ladies gay," the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," or "A weary lot is thine, fair maid," — or his coronach, "He is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest," or "Where shall the lover rest whom the fates sever?" So, too, Campbell gives us some sonorous and vigorous battle-songs, as "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic."

Belton. Can you recall anything like a song in all Wordsworth's poems?

Mallett. No, I do not think he ever attempted to write a song; and, what is still more singular, there is scarcely a poem of his breathes anything of the passion of personal love. His love seems to have been given to nature, not to persons. Yet there is one sonnet which forms an exception to this rule, and an exquisite

poem it is, so full of feeling and pathos that it makes one regret that he did not do more in this vein. It is this —

Why art thou silent? is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre, that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
As would my deeds have been with hourly
care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could
spare.

Speak! though this soft warm heart, once free
to hold

A thousand tender pleasures, mine and thine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow,
'Mid its own buds of leafless eglantine. —
Speak! that these torturing doubts their end
may know.

Belton. A beautiful sonnet truly, but I think you do not repeat it right. The sixth line reads in my books —

Bound to thy service with unceasing care.

And in the fourth line I think also you have made a variation.

Mallett. I repeat from memory, but I am sure, or pretty sure, that the sixth line used to read as I spoke it. Wordsworth may have altered it in later editions — and I think he did — but I like the old line best.

Belton. It is lucky you are not printing this sonnet for the public, for the critics would be down upon you for this as an egregious blunder, and at once accuse you of ignorance of the author and of taking the whole at second hand, or at least of being guilty of excessive and unpardonable carelessness. Luckily for you this is only a private conversation.

Mallett. It is said that almost no one can repeat nineteen consecutive lines from memory with perfect exactness — without some trivial mistake, at least; and I believe this is true. I have heard it tried repeatedly, and with almost constant failure.

Belton. Probably the very nervousness created by the fear of failure troubles the memory, and creates hesitations and doubts.

Mallett. A curious story was told me by one of Wordsworth's friends about this sonnet. It seems, according to my informant, that there was an old lady and friend of Wordsworth who lived near him, and just before St. Valentine's Day, some friends of his proposed to him, as a joke, that he should write her a valentine. He was amused by the proposition and con-

sented, and this sonnet was the valentine he wrote.

Belton. It seems impossible, it is so tender and impassioned.

Mallett. I tell the story as 'twas told to me; I wish he had written her a valentine every year.

Belton. You were saying that this is the only poem of Wordsworth which breathes of passion and love. There is one other at least, is there not? — that entitled "Desideria," —

Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind,
I turned to share the transport.

Mallett. Yes, I allow that; and a beautiful sonnet it is, though more elaborate in diction in some places than I could wish. The lines, "That spot which no vicissitude could find," and "Even for the least division of an hour," are far from happy. Still it is a beautiful sonnet.

Belton. I was trying to recall anything like a song by Wordsworth, and this is the nearest approach to one that I remember. Whether song or not, it could be sung, I think, and it is a charming poem: —

There is a change, and I am poor;
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow.
And flow it did — not taking heed
Of its own bounty or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then all bliss above!
Now, for this consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love
What have I? — shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love — it may be deep;
I trust it is, and never dry;
What matter? if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

Moore's songs sing well, and are married to such charming old Irish airs that they seem better than they are. Generally he is too artificial and strained in his imagery, but sometimes he strikes a note which is natural and happy, as in "Oft in the stilly night." The second line, "When slumber's chain has bound me," is bad; but it goes on very sweetly: —

Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,

The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken,

The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful vows now broken.

And again —

When I remember all the friends once linked together

I've seen around me fall, like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed.

Mallett. Yes, that is charming, and the music to which it is set lends it an added grace; I cannot separate the air from the words. So too, "I saw from the beach" has one verse which is very happy in its expression: —

Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness
of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's
best light.

Now that, I repeat it, does not seem very charming after all, but with the music it certainly is, and so is "Love's young dream."

Belton. I should like to have heard him sing. His voice, I am told, was weak and small, but he managed it with skill, and threw into his songs great expression, sentiment, and feeling.

Mallett. Oh! the voice is nothing, or next to nothing, compared with that. I have heard many a beautiful voice which left me utterly cold, while I have been profoundly touched by others which, though little in themselves, had the art of winging the arrow straight to the heart. If the singer does not feel deeply, and lacks true expression, the best organ will not compensate for the deficiency. There is one celebrated singer who gives me no pleasure. She has a wonderful voice, perfectly trained, and endowed with extraordinary flexibility. I have no fault to find with her voice or execution, but it never touches me, and I hear it as I would a perfect piece of mechanism. There seems to be no soul in it. I do not care so much to hear any one sing, as the phrase is, like a bird. What I desire is to hear one sing like a human being, with expression, passion, and feeling, and out of the depths of her nature. There must be a heart-beat in a voice, or it is a noise.

Belton. I know to whom you refer, but I differ from you, and you have the world against you. "My voice is my fortune, sir, she said." Her royal presents of jewellery are as numerous as a dentist's decorations. She coins notes with notes, and her execution is wonderfully rapid. She has the great seal of success upon her, and her popularity is unbounded.

Mallett. I know, but I am nevertheless "convinced against my will, and of the same opinion still." What does popularity prove?

Belton. Present success, and that is all a singer needs and asks. It is not the meed which poets and artists desire solely, for their works look to the future as well as the present, and they can wait. At all events, with them immediate popularity is not a necessity as it is with an actor and a singer. But the actor's and singer's prosperity lies in the ear of those who hear him. His success is a flash of the present. There is no record left in the air of the voice, and the tones of the expression, and the action. It is not like a picture, or poem, or statue, which may live for centuries to enchant generations yet unborn — which, neglected or scorned to-day, may be recognized, loved, and enjoyed a hundred or a thousand years from now — which, dead to those who now see and hear, may spread hereafter into a large life, and delight nations. Swift popularity with poets and artists has generally a short life. Fame grows slowly; and the most popular poets and artists of to-day are often neglected and forgotten to-morrow. Cowley ran through seven editions, Norris of Bemerton through nine, Flatman through four, and Waller through five, in less time than Shakespeare and Milton through two. Yet scarcely even the names of any of these, except Cowley and Waller, are known now, while Shakespeare and Milton shine like great planets in the firmament of literature. For forty-one years there were only about a thousand copies printed of Shakespeare's plays. Shadwell and Little were as popular with their contemporaries as Dryden and Pope. But where are they now? Darwin was thought a genius in his day, and his "Botanic Garden" esteemed a great poem. Dryden's jejune transcripts of Chaucer delighted the world, who would not read the originals; and one may safely say that he touched nothing of Chaucer which he did not spoil. Percy's "Reliques of English Ballad Poetry" were ridiculed by the great autocrat Johnson; and Percy himself bowed to the spirit of the age in the poems which he avowed as his own. The turgid bombast of Macpherson's "Ossian" was received with enthusiasm by those who laugh at the old ballads. Present popularity, in a word, is no guarantee of future fame.

Mallett. And a blessed fact it is for all bad poets to console themselves with. If

you do not admire their verses, if the cold world turn a deaf ear to them, they range themselves in their own imagination with the great poets who are not recognized at first, and thus salve the wounds of criticism.

Belton. Thus far the most popular poet of to-day is Tupper, or rather was Tupper, for the ungrateful world begins to look upon him with a cold eye. But fifteen years ago his "Proverbial Philosophy" was on nearly every drawing-room table, and there is probably no other writer of our age whose poems have gone through so many editions, and of which so many copies have been sold.

Mallett. They had a sort of moral and religious twang about them that gave them vogue—a sort of bastard Old Testament form, which produced an effect on the pious. He "said an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," that the world absolutely believed that there must be something profound in his utterances. You have only to put any kind of self-evident moral and religious statements into verse, and you are sure to find readers, no matter how feeble the twaddle may be. Look at the hymns we sing in church, if you doubt this. How many of them are there that, were it not for their catch-words of religion, any human being would read? How much real feeling, real piety, real aspiration do they breathe? Are they not, as a whole, a mass of affected phrases, unreal sentiment, and very bad writing?

Belton. Oh, that is going altogether too far. But I agree that, however much piety there may be in them, there is, for the most part, very little poetry. The world would not endure verses on any other subject so wanting in all that constitutes poetry and truth of sentiment. They are machine-made, without a breath of inspiration or a glow of feeling. The cold-bloodedness with which the most offensive images are introduced, the doggerel in which the commonplaces of the pulpit are rehearsed, and the strange unreality of the thoughts, are so foreign to any true religious sentiment, that one cannot help wondering how they can have been written by earnest minds. Let me not sweep them all, however, into the same net. Some of them are real, simple, and devout, give expression to natural feelings of piety and supplication; but these are exceptions. What a satisfaction it is to come across such a one at long intervals, as, for instance, "While Thee I seek, protecting power!"

Mallett. What do you think of these

four lines, which are all I can remember of an old hymn? Absurd as they are, I have no doubt they were sung with earnestness and feeling.

For Faith is like a rusty lock
Anointed by Thy grace;
We rub, and rub, and rub, and rub,
Until we see Thy face.

Belton. It seems scarcely possible that they should have been written with a serious intention.

Mallett. It is all a matter of taste. Many things seem ridiculous to one age which delight another. Our notions have very much changed as to what poetry is within this century. Look simply at the list of lives of the poets by Dr. Johnson. Cowley is the first name. Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney, Shakespeare, and all of their time nearly are omitted; while Phillips, Stepney, Spratt, Walsh, Duke, Smith, Broome, and others of the same stamp, are thought worthy to be recorded as among the poets of England.

Belton. Oh, that was editor's work, and Johnson probably wrote the lives of those whom his publisher selected. At all events, let us hope he did. Some of them he could not possibly have deemed to be entitled to the august name of poet.

Mallett. At all events, Johnson himself informs us that it was by his recommendation that the poems of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden were added to his collection of English poets, and that he wrote their lives of his own free will.

Belton. Poets, indeed!

Mallett. I think I could give you a recipe for making poetry which would be sure of at least present popularity.

Belton. Pray let me hear it.

Mallett. In the first place you must not be original. You must attempt nothing new and you must not put too much mind into the composition. This is preliminary. Then take equal parts of weak self-evident morality and the commonplaces of religious sentiment. Mix them well, and dilute them with poetic verbiage. Flavour them with sentimentality and sadness. Add if you can a few phrases from the New or Old Testament; put in a few images from the fields; sprinkle here and there a faded rose or a violet, and then set them in a mould of rhymes. Double the rhymes if you can—it produces a good effect. Be careful to keep them out of the sun, and it is more to the general taste to colour them strongly with melancholy; but sometimes you may vary the flavour by a stimulating essence of

work and self-sacrifice and encouragement to active benevolence. The less real meaning you put into them the better. Serve them up on cream-coloured paper, with fantastic emblems on the border, and the dish will be sure to be popular.

Belton. Let me add one thing more. Give the dish a good well-known name. Names stand for a great deal. The Harp of Patience, Dead Leaves, Faded Roses, for instance; alliteration is even better—Hymns of Humanity, Gleams of Grace, Dreams in Darkness.

Mallett. I accept the suggestion. Now for an entirely different recipe for entirely different minds. To make a popular romance. Take a number of characters, some supernaturally good, some supernaturally bad, and roll them up in a mass of mystery and crime. Dash in murder, and poison, and secrecy *ad libitum*; and if this be not sufficient, add a flavour of bigamy and madness. Be careful not to stint your heroine of masses of golden hair and full pouting lips, magnetizing eyes and subtle fascinations of every kind. Give your central hero a muscular and brutal force and figure, under which is concealed a tender and sensitive heart. Do not care for nature; but the more sensitive he is in his honour the more harsh and bad let his manners be. Add a weak-minded clergyman, a helpless girl, and a detective who sees through everything with supernatural acuteness. Put the whole into a wild and ghastly country, and serve the dish up to your readers at midnight.

Belton. A capital dish to sleep on, if it does not give one a nightmare.

Mallett. Do women like brutal men? They are certainly fond of drawing them in their novels. They generally either give us as their hero a consumptive clergyman, devoted to the poor, and constantly investigating slums, and getting a typhus fever in consequence; or a fellow with brutal manners, large muscles, and an infinitely tender heart, which he displays in the most peculiar and unexpected moments. It would seem as if, by contrast to their own natures, they preferred a touch of brutality and violence in our sex. If they do not take to this, they go in for the Lara and Conrad style—a melancholy creature, who has suffered terribly, who loves to skulk into the shadow, who avoids society, and cultivates his wounded heart.

Belton. Women's men and men's men are very different; as men's women and women's women also are. We cannot understand the reason why certain men

have great success with the other sex, who to us are blanks, or at least without attraction.

Mallett. I am afraid we shall get on the subject of women's rights and the difference of sex—a subject I detest.

Belton. Oh, I am a great advocate for their rights. I wish them to do everything they can; and it seems to me they are not very much oppressed in the present day. I am also a great advocate of men's rights; and there is nothing less agreeable than a mannish woman, except a womanish man.

Mallett. You shall not seduce me into any discussion on this subject. Women are the most charming and delightful creatures in the world. I really don't know what we should do without them. But there is the bell of the old monastery ringing, and the nuns are going to vespers—shall we go and hear them sing at the Trinità dei Monti?

Belton. Agreed.

From The Edinburgh Review.

LAWSON'S TRAVELS IN NEW GUINEA.*

WHEN that pious but somewhat credulous traveller, the first of our English globe-trotters, Sir John Maundeville, gave his wonderful tale to the world, he was careful in his preface to inform any doubting reader that he had submitted his book to the censorship of the pope, by whom it had all been "proved for true." Whether this approbation *ex cathedra Petri* was enough even in that simple age to stifle the murmurs of those doubting Thomases who shook their heads when they came, besides many others, on such passages as these: "The folk in that isle are of a right cursed kind, for they have no heads and they grunt like pigs;" and "Of Paradise I cannot speak for I was not there, but I have seen the wall thereof," may well be a question; but we cannot help thinking that it would be a great comfort to geographers of this sceptical generation, if some of the marvellous books of modern travel, and notably this volume of Captain Lawson, could be submitted to some such supreme authority as that exercised by the pope in the fourteenth century, for then all our suspicions would vanish, and we should read on in faith, coming to the conclusion that as a power against which it were im-

* Wanderings in the Interior of New Guinea. By Captain J. A. LAWSON. London: 1875.

piety to cavil had proved this book also to be true, therefore it must be true, down to its minutest details. But, alas! for Captain Lawson as well as for ourselves, we have no such simple beliefs in this uncomfortable nineteenth century. We must prove things and books to be true for ourselves, step by step. We are as it were popes every one of us, and before the tribunal of our private judgment every fact and statement must be verified before we can admit that any one who claims to be a discoverer in any branch of science is a discoverer indeed. It is sad to think that faith has fallen so low that it must have proof to support it, but so it is. As Luther said, we can do naught else; and this process we now propose to apply to Captain Lawson's book, of which we will only premise, that if our readers can only be as much instructed as they are sure to be amused by its perusal, they will be amply rewarded.

Like all great travellers, Captain Lawson plunges almost at a step into the jungle of New Guinea. He found himself in November 1871 at Sydney, New South Wales, and there he formed the resolution of exploring the interior of New Guinea. He admits that there were innumerable difficulties in his way. Transport was out of the question. Rifle in hand and knapsack at back, he had to make his way through an immense island, inhabited by a "fierce, treacherous, and murderous race." But these difficulties were light when matched against the resolution of the explorer, and the friendly help of a merchant captain who offered to land the captain at a village where he was known to the natives. It is very bold, no doubt, to resolve to travel through New Guinea rifle in hand and knapsack on back; but see how soon this resolution fails. After securing the services of the friendly captain, our traveller's next care was to provide suitable servants to accompany him as bearers of baggage. First there was a lascar named Tooloo, an intelligent and useful fellow, "he was to be my personal attendant;" besides, three Australian aborigines, Tom, Joe, and Billy, had been engaged as porters; but when the time for starting came, Tom, who had probably seen the amount of baggage which he would be required to carry in tropical New Guinea, repented him of his bargain and made off "up the country" to be out of the way. So Tom is out of the story, and the only names of the exploring party which the reader is required to remember are, Lawson, Tooloo, Joe,

and Billy. The native names we shall come to by-and-by. It was not till the end of May 1872 that Dobbs—that was the name of the merchant captain—was ready for sea. On the 24th they set sail, and on the 21st of June, the "Nautilus," the winds being light, made the coast of New Guinea. On the 22nd Captain Lawson landed at a native village called Houtree, in Torres Straits. And here let us pause to say, that what may be called the chartological powers of Captain Lawson do not at all equal his capacity for penetrating through the heart of New Guinea. The map which accompanies this volume rather resembles a schoolboy's first attempt to draw a map of Palestine, a work of art which painfully reminds one of two duck-ponds joined by a gutter; it is a mere slice of the island on which is traced the traveller's line of march, and it is quite devoid of those base innovations of modern science called degrees and parallels of latitude and longitude. But what of this? Who can pine for exact measurements when on this flat slice are marked some of the most remarkable discoveries ever made in geographical or zoological science. It is something to have discovered a mountain beyond compare the loftiest in the world; and a river with a waterfall which must make Niagara quake for its laurels. But let us not anticipate. All in good time. Let us return to Houtree, where our traveller has just set foot on shore with his three followers, and is being introduced to the Papuans, old friends of Captain Dobbs. We linger yet a while to dispose of Dobbs, who, according to Captain Lawson, in spite of his previous good character, seems to have behaved on this occasion in a very peculiar fashion, so peculiar that it is fortunate for him that he had just then determined to retire from the trade in which he had acquired an independence. Nor is this to be wondered at. After introducing the new comer, Captain Dobbs remained a fortnight loading the "Nautilus" with spices, drugs, gums, bark, birds of paradise, cocoa-nuts, and monkey-skins: in return for which he was to have exchanged calicoes, knives, guns, iron-work, gunpowder, and spirits; but would it be believed, one fine night this peculiar and most thoughtless captain sailed off without transferring to the natives the articles for which they had bartered their goods. If he was addicted to these practices it is no wonder that he had amassed an independence. As for the present instance, Captain Lawson says the action of the "man Dobbs was of the

very meanest class, which, besides doing the poor people a serious injury, might have led them to wreak their vengeance on me." This very Christian conduct on the part of the inhabitants of Houtree, we own, astonishes us; perhaps they are so accustomed to be treated in this way by captains of the Dobbs class that they think as little of it as eels are proverbially said to care for skinning; perhaps the old chief who ruled over the two hundred and sixty-three — observe our author's particularity — inhabitants of Houtree was so overjoyed by the gift of an old double-barrelled fowling-piece and a few pounds of powder and shot, on receiving which "he fairly danced," that he snapped his fingers at the defalcations of Dobbs, and coercing his subjects took Captain Lawson under his gracious protection. As all the necessities for the march had to be carried, and in this respect travelling in New Guinea is very like exploring the heart of Africa, Captain Lawson recruited his party by two Papuans, who had acquired some knowledge of English in the course of a seafaring life. The name of the one was Aboo, of most repulsive physiognomy "intensified by the cicatrice of a fearful cut across the face." He was only four feet three in height, but of prodigious strength, much more than a match for that porter advertised for as "a pious man who could carry a hundred-weight;" for Captain Lawson has seen this Papuan Hercules "lift four or five hundred-weight without appearing to exert himself in any extraordinary degree." He was about fifty. Danang, his companion, was younger and taller, and very muscular, but rather lazy; whereas Aboo was indefatigably active and of a most kindly nature. In him, in fact, our adventurer found a real treasure.

Captain Lawson was now ready to start for the interior, but before he plunges into the jungle, he is good enough to tell us that Houtree lies in long. $143^{\circ} 17m. 8s. E.$ and lat. $9^{\circ} 8m. 18s. S.$, a piece of information for which we are most thankful, and all the more so as it is almost the only precise information as to his whereabouts to be found in any part of his book. His party now numbered six souls, and they took with them a small quantity of tea and coffee, some pickles and preserves, both of which we should have thought needless; but no doubt the captain is given to pickles, and besides he took with him a corrective in the next item, medicines. Added to this were half a dozen bottles of brandy, a set of instruments

for observations, twenty-four pounds of ship-biscuit, a good supply of ammunition, always rather a bulky article, "and a few other articles." All these were made into three packages, besides what each man carried in his haversack, and the six took turns in carrying them. His own arms consisted of a double-barrelled rifle, not a very light weapon, a fowling-piece, a six-chambered pistol, and a cutlas. Thus equipped the captain must have looked somewhat like our old friend Robinson Crusoe, except that his pistols had not six chambers. As for his attendants they had each an old musket and their knives; and here let us remark that by several strokes of his pen Captain Lawson converts these old muskets into rifles further on in his book, and even makes Aboo bring down swallows on the wing with one of them, a feat, we venture to say, never before performed by Brown Bess or Enfield rifle; but then it must be remembered that these swallows, like all the beasts, birds, reptiles, and creeping things in this book, were twice the size of any ordinary swallows, and so presented a better mark. We think it will be admitted that these arms and the articles specified, with "a few more" in the margin, were an ample load for three men, especially when forcing their way through a country which Captain Lawson says "had never been scanned by the eyes of an European," and presenting, as we shall see, natural obstacles in the shape of rank vegetation, underwood, rocks, precipices, ravines, rivers, and immense mountains, such as few travellers have ever encountered, and all this under a temperature never less than 100° in the shade, and often ascending to 110 or 114 degrees. Their plan of proceeding was simple. They were on the south of the island in Torres Straits, and they were to walk across it to the north coast, traversing what mountains and rivers might be in their way. Besides this, the intelligent Aboo informed his master that in four or five days they would come to a high mountain range, and for that range they marched. Beyond this, even to Aboo, the interior of New Guinea was a "desert vast and idle." Captain Lawson's march if, as we shall see, it went out like a lion came in like a lamb. So far from finding the Papuans of the south coast murderous cut-throats, they treated him in the gentlest way. After a two days' tramp through marsh and jungle they reached a village where the natives knew the chief, who took them into his own house, made his slaves wash the strangers' feet, spread

mats for them, and feasted them sumptuously on boiled rice, roast monkey, and yams. After a good night's rest they stayed there another day, when they almost all got inebriated on toddy—not that seducing compound known to Scotch baillies, but the juice of the cocoa-palm fermented with the bruised leaves of a plant called *thadda*; but that did not impair their sight, for in the evening they went out and shot long-tailed monkeys with ball from the tops of tall trees, bringing down a score in two hours. After supping again on roast monkey they lay down and slept and rose up next morning and departed from the friendly Mahalla—that was the chief's name—promising to return and feast once more with him on baked monkey. On leaving the village they plunged into a jungle, where the grass was five or six feet above their heads; and now the native guides began to talk of *moolahs*, a savage beast, which it will be seen is as big or bigger than a Bengal tiger. But as yet they saw no tigers, only butterflies and birds of paradise, and that in a forest in which there were trees three hundred and thirty-seven feet high and downwards, and eighty-four feet some inches round the trunk. "This," says Captain Lawson, "I should say is the tallest tree in the world, so tall, in fact, that the Papuans cannot climb it. It is called the wallah-tree, and bears nuts which are something like chestnuts; in form and foliage this giant of the forest is like the elm." That night, when waiting ravenously hungry for their supper, they were greeted by "a prolonged and horrible growl, which Aboo said came from the jaws of a moolah, and shortly arose a great chorus of those beasts, whose howls," Captain Lawson tells us, "are ten times worse than the screech of the hyena," but so far as we can make out not nearly so terrible, so far as mere sound goes, as the braying of a jackass. Then came the moaning of some large animal, intermingled with the crunching of its bones by the fell beast. Morning rose, and revealed a pool of blood and the remains of a large deer, which had been the moolah's prey. In the evening they hastened on, and on the 16th of July, at six in the evening, began to ascend a range of mountains "which," says Captain Lawson, "using the privilege of explorers, I named the Papuan Ghauts," from their resemblance to the Western Ghauts in India.

As these Papuan Ghauts were nothing to Captain Lawson's further alpine expe-

riences, presenting, as it were, mere pimples on the earth's crust of 12,000 or 14,000 feet or so, we pass rapidly over them, just as a man might, if he were equal to New-Guinea exploration, walk up Mont Blanc and down the other side in a day. In this region they saw lilies, such as Solomon, in all his glory and with all his knowledge of plants, could never have imagined; one like a narcissus, with leaves six or seven feet in length and one in breadth, and so tough that the captain found it impossible to tear them in two; the bulb was as large as a man's head, and the height of the plant nine or ten feet. Out of the down round this lily the birds of paradise build their nests, when they can get it. Nor were the other plants behind the lilies in due proportion, for there were daisies like those which grow in our English meadows, "but as large as sunflowers." "They were crimson-tipped," pleasantly says Captain Lawson, "but not very modest, seeing they lifted their heads to a height of eighteen inches." On reading which, it strikes us that a traveller must be modest indeed who could write thus of daisies, and yet have his features not crimson-tipped. But let not the reader suppose that he can rush off into New Guinea and botanize without risk. He is already warned as to the moolahs and beasts of prey; but now come the reptiles and creeping things. One afternoon, it was on the 23rd of July, Captain Lawson was all but stung by a scorpion which he had been carrying about unawares in his haversack. "It was of the enormous length of ten inches;" and its bite, as they afterwards found, would have been instant death. Indeed, though there are no weekly bills of mortality in New Guinea, which yet awaits its Fatts and Grahams, Captain Lawson believes that more deaths occur among the Papuans from scorpion bite than from any other cause. Then there were beetles, "the most remarkable being a black one five inches and a half long by three broad, covered with white triangular marks, and with horns two inches long. It is remarkable that only the males have horns." "This," Captain Lawson again exclaims, "I believe is the largest beetle in the world." As for the moths and butterflies they are innumerable, the biggest being exactly twelve inches across when its wings were expanded, while its body was "as thick as my thumb"—we should like to know how thick Captain Lawson's thumb is—"and six inches in length. The feelers were seven inches in length."

On reading which we exclaim with our American cousins, "Something like a butterfly!" In this most entomological region, where he only lingered a few days, during part of which he was surveying a great range of mountains, and partly incapacitated from illness, Captain Lawson contrived to collect a magnificent collection of beetles and butterflies, comprising a hundred different kinds; but we believe that owing to the perils which he afterwards underwent no part of the collection has yet reached Europe.

But these entomological treasures were not gathered without danger. The explorers were in an elevated region; and, as is not uncommon, they were overtaken by mist, which wet their clothes and made them very uncomfortable. Still, they persevered, and climbed to the top of one of the mountains called, very appropriately, *Mount Misty*, ascertained by Captain Lawson, with a precision which would do credit to any surveyor, to be just 10,672 feet above the sea-level, while two peaks near it attained the height respectively of 12,580 and 12,945 feet. We do not know whether Captain Lawson is a member of the Alpine Club, but the ease and rapidity with which he scales the most precipitous peaks certainly entitle him to be elected into that hard-footed body by acclamation. The 10,672 feet of *Mount Misty* were but a breather, a short morning's work, and by four in the afternoon they were back at the foot, and this though they were suffering from agonies of thirst, which in the evening of the same day nearly caused the destruction of the whole party; but we should add, that the ascent of this range was much assisted by "a little blue flower, like a forget-me-not, which clung to the hard rocks with such tenacity that it required a strong pull to disengage it. In several places it served to help us up the almost perpendicular face of the cliffs." One result of this indefatigable climbing was, that at the same time the whole party had "walked the skin off their feet," which were instantly attacked by insects, which on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of July laid them all up except Aboo, who was as "hard as iron," and perhaps for that matter was shod with the same metal. It was when thus incapacitated that Captain Lawson took the angles, which enabled him to present his readers with the precise height of the range; and then he moved the camp slowly on, descending the range, and arriving on August 1st at another Papuan village. Here, instead of being eaten or having their

throats cut, they were very hospitably treated by a chief named Taa, who cultivated a farm of thirty acres with rice, maize, and cocoa-nut, and who had a herd of short-legged, hump-backed oxen and cows, which bore a "great resemblance to the yak." This Taa, on the whole, was what would be called a good fellow, only he was not at all kind to his old father, named *Sasso-frang*, ordering him about in a way very shocking to Captain Lawson's feelings; but perhaps this poor old creature had outlived his time, and only existed by sufferance. For, as Captain Lawson doubtless well knows, there are tribes in which the relations of a man who has lived too long in public opinion hold a caucus and eat him, "instead of venison," as Sir John Maundeville adds, who first tells the story. On the whole, then, old *Sasso-frang* was, perhaps, not so badly off, if he lived on amidst kicks and cuffs, instead of being eaten by his son Taa in the Papuan village of *Burtemmytara*. It is very remarkable that at this distance from the coast Captain Lawson found old *Sasso-frang* smoking a long Dutch pipe, and many of the inhabitants speaking Dutch; and this was very fortunate for our traveller, who could thus communicate with them, for as yet he had not acquired that knowledge of the Papuan language which enabled him farther on to maintain a fluent conversation with the natives.

But we must hasten on. On August 2nd the explorers left the village and passed through a hilly country, in which nothing particular happened, except that they encountered a hurricane of wind, which blew the parrots, and probably the monkeys also, out of the trees, tore the giants of the forest up by the roots, and blew gravel and stones about so that a great stone fell on Aboo's shoulder, and gave him an awkward cut. This gale was followed by a hail-storm, in which many of the stones were "as large as a hen's egg." We are not told if any of the party were hit by these hailstones, which must have inflicted serious wounds. Then, too, they were so bitten by insects that their eyes were bunged up, and when they woke they were all blind, and had to bathe their eyes for nearly an hour before they could see; but when they opened them they were rewarded, on August 9th, by discovering an immense inland lake, which the Australians shouted out was "the sea," but which Captain Lawson, like a loyal subject, called *Alexandrina*, after her most gracious Majesty. At the same time "a proud joy" so filled "his breast" that he

burst out into cheers, and was thus supported in the midst of a heat of 107° in the shade, which affected the monkeys with sunstroke, and made them drop dead out of the trees. Captain Lawson, indeed, had a slight touch of the same malady, but he shook it off, and so preserved his reason and senses to survey the new-found lake. Along its eastern shore the party proceeded for several days, crossing stream after stream, and morass after morass, very much annoyed by the monkeys, who probably attributed the death of their respectable relatives mentioned above to Captain Lawson's black arts, and pursued them in their line of march with every mark of contempt, pelting them with nuts and filth, and spitting down on them from the trees. "One old fellow, deliberately," says Captain Lawson, "spat down on me with all the gravity of a human being;" an expression we do not quite understand, as it has not been our lot to live with human beings who spat at us with or without gravity. With pardonable indignation Captain Lawson shot the "old fellow," when his companions pelted him for fully three hours with wallah-nuts, in which space of time he got quite sore, and his helmet "was battered into a highly disreputable shape." When this plague of monkeys ceased, and they had leisure to look about them for other natural curiosities, they were rewarded by the discovery of the trap-door spider, much more like a crab, or for that matter like a whale, than a spider, for when they with some difficulty got it out of its beautiful nest it proved to be thirteen inches in its utmost stretch, with nippers half an inch long, and two exceedingly large and bright black eyes. This *yagi*, as Aboo called it, was exceedingly active; and as its bite is as venomous as that of the scorpion, it is fortunate that it preys not on the human race, but on lizards, which it seizes when with the fatal curiosity of their race they peep in at its trap-door, and then sucking all the juice out of their bodies, rejects the bones and skin. The heat was still excessive, so much so, indeed, as to cause a slight aberration in Captain Lawson's register; for just after his story of the spider, he says the thermometer was "as high as 112° in the shade, which was the highest degree that I noted during my stay in the island;" but he had a few pages before mentioned 114° , a temperature which he again records at page 197; while at page 172 he registers no fewer than 115° in the shade. Can it be that for 112 he wishes us to read 121 ? that temperature in the shade would

be quite in character with the rest of his adventures. Be that as it may, it was hot enough to cause trees to shed their gum in large drops as if a shower were falling; and when it fell, it lay on the ground "in a melted state, and hot enough to burn the fingers." The party were now getting rather exhausted, and Billy the Australian complained of being footsore; but Captain Lawson declares that it was all a pretence, and that he could walk just as well as the rest. Still he bore with the shuffling fellow for two days; and then, when he refused to stir, and said, "I British subject; I no dog; I no do it; foot him sore, no walk;" the captain caught up a strap with a heavy buckle, and thrashed the unhappy Billy "till his cries" — hear them not, O Exeter Hall and Aborigines Protection Society! — "might have been heard for a league round about." After this, nothing more was heard of sore feet, and Billy shouldered his burden with the rest.

By this time, on August 16th, they were in want of meat, and the captain went out with Aboo in search of big game, and after sleeping out were rewarded by the sight of two herds of buffalo. Singling out an old bull, Captain Lawson stalked him till he got within thirty yards, and just as he was about to fire the brute charged him. Firing rather at random, he discharged two barrels, while Aboo, who had come up, threw in another shot, but it was all in vain; on rushed the bull, whom the captain dexterously avoided only to be overtaken at the second attack, when he felt what he calls "a terrible shock in the rear," and became aware that he was spinning through the air. The fact was that the bull had tossed him thirty feet from the ground; down he came on his side, and then the brute stood over him trampling on him and ramming him. At this terrible moment the captain's courage did not fail; he had still, unlike Robinson Crusoe, his six-shooter in his belt. He drew it, as the Yankees say, and fired four shots into the bull's head, "which had the effect of confusing him a little." Just then Aboo came up and fired a bullet through the bull's shoulder, which brought him down; but even then the captain's misfortunes were not over, for the monster fell on him and crushed him with his huge weight. At last, when extricated from the carcass, it is not wonderful that our hero, for so we must call him, could hardly stand. Fortunately no bones were broken, but it is not at all surprising that he was shaken and bruised. While Aboo

skinned and cut up the quarry, the captain lay quiet till a steak somewhat revived him. Then he tried to walk the ten miles back to camp, but after a mile his strength failed, and Aboo, lighting a fire, went back to bring help. When the rest arrived the battered captain was borne back on blankets, feeling as if his spine was broken at the small of the back. After a tolerable night he found himself so sore next morning that he thought he ought to be bled; and here observe both the resources of the country and of the captain. It was easy to talk of bleeding, but how was he to be bled? In the simplest way. Hard by was a rivulet full of leeches—whether horse-leeches or not deponent sayeth not. So Aboo went and fetched a score, from which applied to his loins the captain derived great benefit. An incident which reminds us of nothing so much as that remarkable story in a tale called "Chicken Hazard," where on a desert isle a shipwrecked mariner, finding his boiled mutton tasteless, went out of doors and "cut some capers," by the aid of which he found his meal at once palatable. It was not till September 2nd that Captain Lawson was well enough to resume his journey, and it was four or five weeks before he was entirely free from pain. But even then we think he was a lucky man to come so well out of what he calls his duel with the buffalo.

So they proceeded skirting the lake till they came on a series of morasses, and resolved to leave its shores and to march in a north-easterly direction. As they advanced the country rapidly grew hilly and then mountainous, until at an elevation of 1,597 feet they descried a volcano in a dull state of eruption. With Captain Lawson to see a mountain is to ascend it, and perhaps he would add, to ascend a mountain is to see it. It took them just six hours to scale the summit, where they found a crater three miles and a quarter—English, not Dutch miles—in circumference; but after all it was but a molehill, this Mount Sulphur, for it was only 3,117 feet high. After this they descended and discovered another lake, and on September 11th came upon "two monkeys of gigantic size and the most human-like shape." Like our first parents in Eden they were male and female, caressing one another, and eating a fruit like an apricot. This little idyl in ape-life was rudely interrupted by the rifles of Aboo and his master, for if the captain was like Robinson Crusoe, Aboo was surely his man Friday. The male fell stone dead to the captain's fire,

but the female, only wounded, ran up a tree making most diabolical faces and uttering the most horrid outcries. A second shot brought her down headlong, but even then she got on her feet, and at last a bullet from the unfailling six-shooter made her give up the ghost. Well! now that they are both dead, what was their size? The male was five feet three, and forty-two inches round the chest, the female five, and thirty-nine. It is not complimentary to mankind to be told by the captain that "both were horribly repulsive in features and yet human-like to an extraordinary degree." For the rest their description answers rather to the orang-outang than to the chimpanzee, but most unfortunate it is that the skins of these great apes could not be brought away, and that their kind must remain a matter of doubt. But the party were overburdened, and such an addition might have furnished a fresh outburst of laziness on the part of Billy and caused him another flogging; so they were abandoned in the desert, taking their rest with their gory skins around them, and the explorers hastened on to fresh discoveries.

These were now geographical and geological rather than zoological. Due north they beheld more volcanoes and more peaks. Mount Vulcan was the name of one burning mountain, which Captain Lawson's angles ascertained to be 16,743 feet high; another, not burning, they called the Outpost because it stood in their way and they had to turn it. On rounding this they descried another peak of far greater height, distant about twenty-five or thirty miles. Of course as soon as Captain Lawson saw this mountain he resolved to climb it, induced probably by the abundance of the same small blue flowers which had proved so useful when scaling the Papuan Ghauts. By the next night the party had got so close as six or seven miles from the base of the peak, the summit of which was veiled in mist; next day the full proportions of the mountain burst on Captain Lawson, and at first sight he calculated it to be 30,000 feet high, but on resorting to his angles it proved to be 32,783 feet above the sea-level, and 30,901 above the surrounding country. "It is by far the highest mountain known," he adds, with a serenity and simplicity of assertion which will carry their due weight with them. The skirts of this giant were clothed with forests, and to the hill itself Captain Lawson gave the name Mount Hercules. In old times it would have been considered one of the labours of

Hercules to have scaled such a mountain. But what was Hercules, and what his labours, to our age of steam and travel? At four o'clock on the morning of September 16th, a day ever to be remembered in the annals of mountain-climbing, the captain and Aboo began the ascent, taking with them a supply of food and water, their arms and blankets; the first a most unnecessary encumbrance, but perhaps Captain Lawson wished, like John Gilpin, to carry weight, and so took with him his double-barrelled rifle, his fowling-piece, and six-shooter. To these a stout staff was added, and then they started. This, besides its height, was a very peculiar mountain. Perhaps that very stature exercised a paralyzing influence on vegetation, for at the elevation of 2,000 feet the forest under a tropical sky degenerated into scrubby undergrowth and coarse grass. At 4,000 feet almost all animal life ceased, a strange contrast with the wealth of animal and vegetable life on the lower slopes of the Himalayan range, which abounds up to 10,000 or 14,000 feet. Stranger still, there was no soil except in odd patches at a greater height than 6,000 feet; above that all seems to have been rock and snow. Of course there were grand views till the pair got into the clouds, where they seem to have remained in an atmosphere resembling a wet blanket for the rest of the ascent. But they did not let the grass grow under their feet, and indeed there was no grass to grow. By nine o'clock, that is in less than five hours, they had ascended 14,000 feet, very tall walking, seeing that between 10,000 and 14,000 feet "the rock was dangerously slippery owing to a slimy moss." The captain here took off his boots, and Aboo his sandals, in order to maintain a footing. At 15,000 feet they came on the first snow, and above this they had to "climb up an almost perpendicular face. In doing so masses of rock gave way under them, and they received some ugly falls." At eleven o'clock they halted to rest and eat, and here both got so drowsy that they could scarce keep their eyes open. But, as the quack doctors say, "Delay is death." The captain roused Aboo and proceeded upward. And now the cold grew excessive. The thermometer was 12° below zero, and the water in their bottle froze. Now they felt the good of their blankets, and Aboo felt so comfortable that he fell several times asleep, and had to be awakened by rough means. All these are rather impediments to swift climbing, still they trudged on amidst rocks and cliffs wreathed with

snow. Here the sleepless captain dozed off and fell with a shock which effectually roused him. As for Aboo, he tramped along mechanically. Now the blood began to flow from their noses, and even from their ears which were long exposed, and Aboo not unnaturally complained of headache, and begged to be allowed to sit down. This the captain successfully resisted, but at the same time saw that it was time to beat a retreat. The thermometer now marked 22° below zero—we conclude of Fahrenheit, and they gasped at every breath; worse still, their staves fell from their hands and they could not pick them up again. How they ever returned without those trusty supports is a marvel to us. It was now one o'clock, and they had climbed 25,314 feet in nine hours: certainly, unless Captain Lawson's powers of observation were frozen out of him, the most astounding feat of mountaineering ever recorded. It took them three hours to descend the 10,000 feet to the first snow, and then they pushed on more rapidly. At the same time as soon as his fingers were thawed, a little brandy was served out, which put new life into them; and so, says Captain Lawson, "we arrived at our camp about half-past seven in the evening, thoroughly beat."

We feel we can add little to this wonderful tale which is already sufficiently long. It is clear that as Captain Webb is among swimmers, so is Captain Lawson, of whom we know not whether he be a land or sea captain, among climbers. We only wish we had been there to see him and the trusty Aboo go up and down 25,000 feet of a perpendicular unexplored mountain in the time named. Next day they laid up, as they were rather footsore, but on the 18th they were off again, going due north. Now they were in the jungle, the haunt of the moolah, and Captain Lawson, who has a large acquaintance with Bengal tigers, was anxious to see what this Papuan tiger was like. His wishes were soon gratified; first they came on the footprints, and then on the beast himself, which rushed out on the gallant captain, who avoided it by a sudden contortion of the body, but it was a near shave as he felt "the draught" of its charge. At this moment the faithful Tooloo fired at and wounded it, when it escaped into the jungle. Then they stalked it in a body. They soon found it, when it received both barrels of the captain's rifle, and charged him before he could ram down another bullet. Now it

was the captain's turn to run with the moolah at his heels, who soon caught him in his claws. Now it seemed all over with the explorer, when he bethought him of a long dagger-knife which no doubt with other cutlery he kept in his belt; this he drove up to the hilt in the creature's side, who turned and bit the knife; then feeling that it had done all that moolah could for life and honour, it fell dead without a growl, and the captain extricated himself from the carcass. And now what was the moolah like? It was of the same shape and size as the Bengal tiger, but much handsomer. It was marked with black and chestnut stripes on a white ground, and its length from the nose to the root of the tail was seven feet three inches. This skin was so beautiful that the captain had it dressed by Aboo and brought it away, "it being one of the very few articles" which he succeeded in bringing to Europe. We should like to see it, and it certainly ought to be acquired for the natural-history collections of the country. A little later on the captain shot two moolahs one after the other, of which one, a female, was no less than seven feet ten inches from the nose to the tail, and, he adds, "two inches longer than the largest tiger I had seen in India." They now came on many streams infested by crocodiles, some of which they killed and one of which they ate. One of the rivers they called the "Gladstone," and another, the biggest of all, the "Royal." We have now got to September 29th, a day marked by a sad catastrophe, for then it was that the faithful Tooloo, when suffering from sunstroke, blew out his brains, and was buried under a tree by the river-side. This sad event almost produced a mutiny, and all except Aboo tried to force the captain to return; but he produced his *ultima ratio*, a rope's end, which makes us think that he must be a sea-captain, and Billy and Joe and the other Papuan desisted from their murmurs. They now followed the course of the river through woods and streams chiefly peopled by the birds of paradise and crocodiles, with the thermometer at 114° in the shade, till their ears were greeted by the distant roar of a waterfall which could be heard from ten to twenty miles off. Then the next morning they saw the spray and foam miles off, and at last reached the fall, whence the river, now contracted from half a mile to 300 yards in width, threw itself headlong 179 feet sheer down. This was on October 26th; and again we say we only wish we

had been there to see, were it not for what follows. Tearing themselves away they marched due north along the river, when on the 29th they came on a party of natives engaged in fishing. "It was so long," says Captain Lawson, "since our eyes had rested on any of our own species, that the sight filled us with joy." They shouted, and the natives shouted and drew near the shore. The end was, in spite of Aboo's warning, that the whole party embarked in the canoes, Captain Lawson having by this time—that is to say in less than three months—acquired sufficient knowledge of Papuan to converse freely with the chief. Then they paddled down the stream, the chief, whom Captain Lawson now trusted, saying that "the sea could easily be reached by water in two days at the furthest." That evening they reached the native village, when Aboo whispered to the captain that if they entered it they would never come out alive. On this Captain Lawson told the chief that he was forced to proceed, and offered to buy a canoe and food. During this parley a crowd collected, and tried to land the baggage. The chief tried to drag the captain on shore, and when he resisted snapped an old flint pistol at his head. It missed fire, and the faithful Danang felled the chief to the earth before he could cock it. Then ensued a fearful *mêlée*. Poor Joe was stabbed and slain while trying to re-embark the baggage; the captain slew his assailant with an axe; then drawing his revolver, he shot down three fellows in as many seconds. Danang discharged the double-barrelled rifle among the crowd, killing three men more. In the struggle they had pushed off their canoe with some of their goods and paddled for their lives, Danang being shot through the head by a chance bullet. The party was now reduced to three, the captain and Aboo rowing for dear life, and the recreant Billy. Of course the natives pursued them, and in ten minutes a canoeful approached the fugitives, firing as they advanced. By order of Lawson they stopped their canoe and lay down at the bottom, much to Billy's comfort, but the instant the enemy came alongside, up Captain Lawson and Aboo started, shot two or three, upset their canoe, and beating out the brains of a fellow who caught hold of their paddles, resumed their flight. It was then nearly dark, though the moon was rising, leaving them a poor chance of escape. Strange to say, so far as they knew, there was no other attempt at pur-

suit. The three got clear off in their canoe, and they saw no more of their murderous assailants, who perhaps may have thought the captain's party murderous too. Paddling all that night they landed at dawn, sank the canoe, and surveyed their stock of goods. There was, indeed, little left. Everything except one bundle had fallen into the hands of the enemy. A few skins, a small stock of ammunition, and the captain's journal, and a couple of other books, were all that remained. All their rifles, four in number, one of them double-barrelled, and the captain's fowling-piece had been lost. Still they had two rifles left: on which we remark that the captain's double-barrelled rifle must have produced others on the journey, for we only hear of one when they started, and yet it and three others had been lost, and still two remained. In addition there was a pistol, we suppose the six-shooter, and so, as Billy was not to be trusted, they had arms enough. In this position it was madness to make for the north-east coast, now only thirty miles off. Their only hope was to regain the uninhabited interior whence they had emerged. After this catastrophe Captain Lawson's exploration loses much of its romantic character. They altered their route, struck up the country, and succeeded, after some perils from scorpions, in sighting Mount Hercules and reaching the Gladstone River. In great danger of famishing for want of food owing to the failure of their ammunition, and occasionally driven mad by thirst, they reached the north-west shore of Lake Alexandrina, of which, now considering themselves on safe ground, they ascertained the dimensions. They had only twenty charges of powder left on December 14th, but what of that, were they not almost at home? The lake was from sixty to seventy miles long and from fifteen to thirty broad. From the multitude of islands on it Captain Lawson supposes it to be shallow. This survey completed, they made their way back to Mahalla's village, which they reached on the 19th of January, who treated them with the utmost hospitality, and took them down with him to Houtree, where they arrived on the 8th of February 1873.

At Houtree Captain Lawson found the goods he had left behind him all safe. Nothing now remained but to pay off Aboo, his man Friday, which he did with a sum which made him "quite a nabob" in the eyes of the natives. The wages of poor Danang were handed over to his wife. His only attendant now left was

the lazy and worthless Billy, with whom the captain embarked on the 24th of February in a Chinese junk bound for the island of Banda, where he hoped to find a Dutch vessel. The junk was small, of about fifty tons, manned by four Chinese and two boys, who ate nothing on the voyage but rice and salt fish eked out with beetles and cockroaches. They never seemed to sleep, and disturbed the captain, who slumbered on his boxes, with their chattering and laughter. On the 1st of March they reached Banda, where the Dutch governor received the traveller kindly, and assigned him a lodging in the house of a customs' officer till he could find a passage. Next morning Captain Lawson was too ill to rise, being prostrated with dysentery, which nearly carried him off. For two months he kept his bed in the military hospital, carefully tended by the Dutch, while the ungrateful Billy never came near him, but passed his time, as a free British subject and not a dog, in constant intoxication. No doubt he still dreaded that rope's end. On the 7th of June Captain Lawson left Banda for Singapore, at which port he arrived on the 22nd of that month, whence he passed on to Calcutta, where a ship was found to carry Billy back to Sidney.

Shortly afterwards Captain Lawson set sail for England, where he arrived, as he says, completely broken down with the fatigues and hardships which he had undergone; a misfortune much to be regretted by the scientific world, as the state of his health, we understand, has prevented the bold traveller from attending the meetings of the geological and other learned bodies who were eager to greet and listen to the man who had seen and done such wonders in the unknown interior of New Guinea. But as Captain Lawson has preferred to lay his discoveries before the world in this book, his proceedings are open to criticism; and we say at once, that it contains many things very difficult to understand. In the first place, it is hard to understand how on the very edge of the Australian continent he should have found such wealth of animal and vegetable life all at the same time so different from Australian types. Very strange it is that Torres Straits should separate two countries so various in their vegetable products and natural history as New Holland and New Guinea as described by Lawson. On one side of that comparatively narrow strait, we leave the land of parrots and tree-kangaroos and marsupial creatures; while on the other,

Captain Lawson introduces us to large herds of buffaloes and other cattle, to deer of various kinds, to monkeys and huge apes, and, though last not least, to huge tigers, for the moolah is nothing more nor less than a tiger. It is true that it may be possible to find many strange shapes and forms of life in an island nearly 1,300 miles long and in some parts about 500 miles broad; but we must say that in no book except that very respectable but somewhat mawkish production the "Swiss Family Robinson," have we ever perused pages so teeming with every necessary for the life of man as these of Captain Lawson. The party never seems to have lacked anything but water, and then though they were once or twice perishing from thirst, it was their own fault that they did not find it close at hand. Very different this again from the arid wastes of Australia, in which so many valuable lives have been lost by drought. Nor can we fail to remark the palpable air of exaggeration in the whole story, which makes the book read more like an amusing romance of travel than serious travel itself. Everything is on the grandest and most gigantic scale; and very strange, if true, it is to find that in one island, even though it be of the size of New Guinea, there should have been found by one and the same traveller in a six months' journey, the most gigantic grasses, the biggest scorpions, spiders, and butterflies, the hugest tigers and buffaloes, the most monstrous apes and crocodiles, one of the largest rivers and waterfalls in the world; and, though last not least, a mountain by far exceeding the loftiest peaks in the Andes or Himalayan chains. With regard to his observations and angles, Captain Lawson is as hazy as his own Mount Misty. That there are high mountains in New Guinea has long been known; the observations of the lamented Captain Owen Stanley, about whose angles there could be no mistake, had ascertained that in one corner of the island, not far from the coast, was a mountain between 13,000 and 14,000 feet high. That we can well credit on such authority; but when we are asked to believe that an unknown traveller, of whose powers of observation we have no evidence except this very romantic narrative, has discovered and actually ascended in nine hours 25,000 and odd feet of a mountain 32,783 feet high, we find ourselves at once in a region so far above our ordinary experience, and on a platform so elevated above the summit of scientific inquiry, that our breath is

taken from us. The result is that when we try to swallow Captain Lawson's account, we are as unequal to the task as he and his man Aboo were to breathe in the rarefied atmosphere on the top of Mount Hercules. But in our distress we have one comfort—such discoveries will surely attract a whole army of alpine climbers to the interior of New Guinea. They will scorn the spiders, scorpions, monkeys, apes, and crocodiles. They will snap their fingers at the Papuans, or brain them with alpenstocks, if they come between them and the object of their search. They may not, indeed, be such philologists as Captain Lawson, and able after three months to converse freely with chiefs in the original Papuan; but they will find means of telling them that they have come to see and scale that mountain, and that nothing shall hinder them. That done, and having ascended every inch of these 32,000 and odd feet, they will be content, light their pipes, and glide down to the base of Mount Hercules in less than two hours; and if what the Germans term their *Beinkleider* suffer in that rapid evolution, what will that matter? they will stitch them up with Adam's needle, which we are frequently informed grows plentifully at the foot of the mountain. After that they will return home attended by a train of botanists and zoologists, who will bring showers of gum, live moolahs, tame orang-outangs, and boxes containing lively scorpions and spiders. The Lake Alexandrina, and Mount Hercules, and the waterfall on the Royal, they will leave behind them for future travellers, and when they return home they shall have a hearty welcome. And now but one word remains to be added. When all this happens, and we have received such ample corroboration of the genuineness of Captain Lawson's explorations in New Guinea, we shall, like that mediæval pope, accept for true every word that he has written; but till then we must suspend our belief. This confirmation, in part at least, may be nearer than we think. Other travellers and explorers have been, and are, in New Guinea, besides Captain Lawson. The strange Russian enthusiast, Miklucho Maklay, recently passed a year with two companions on the coast of New Guinea; and two Italian men of science, Beccari and D'Albertis, are probably at this moment in the interior of that island. May they soon return, and bring a confirmation, or a contradiction, of all the marvels related by our modern Maundeville.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LEFT-HANDED ELSA.

I.

"PATIENCE!" said Elsa.

She was carrying a whole armful of white crockery from the cupboard to the table. But before the word had fairly left her lips, down smashed the whole load upon the brick floor.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "this is too dreadful! The things are bewitched, I think, for all the Herr Pastor may say: only last Sunday the sugar-basin, and the water-jug on Friday; that's the worst of breaking anything on a Friday, it never comes to an end. But those were nothing to this—it's all gone now! Oh Max, it must be true what father says, and I've got two left hands instead of one; what a scolding I'm in for!"

Max was soon busy among the pieces. Elsa was between laughing over her own awkwardness and crying over her domestic trouble—the humble room looked like one in which the breaking of a coffee-cup might be more serious than the loss of a porcelain vase elsewhere. The table and the few chairs were of the plainest and commonest kind, the stove made no attempt to disguise its natural ugliness, the atmosphere derived its aroma from soap and glue, the tools of a wood-carver lay about, and the only ornaments were a few flowers in the window, two or three sketches nailed against the plaster wall, and the girl herself—Elsa. She was little and dark, and pretty enough, as German girls go—which is not very far—in spite of her poor clothes and the exceedingly hideous style in which she had combed and tied back her thick brown hair. Her style of coiffure had one advantage, however: it left a pair of earrings in full sight of all beholders. On the third finger of her left hand she wore a real gold ring. For the rest, and taking her altogether, she was of an age when a girl must be plain indeed not to look more than pretty enough in some man's eyes: and in addition to the beauty of girlhood, she wore that of bright brown eyes and a ready smile.

Perhaps, too, Max may be considered as not wholly unornamental. If not, why should Elsa have been minding him instead of the crockery? He, too, was young, and though his features were by no means distinguished, his eyes were as dark and as bright as hers, and more intelligent—the eyes of a man who sees with his mind. He need not be farther described,

because he was considered—at least by Elsa—to be a remarkably handsome young man, and the English reader might not altogether agree with the judgment of a German *bourgeoise*. Let us accept her verdict in a matter that, after all, concerns her more than anybody else in the world. It is enough for us that he looked an honest, straightforward, and good-hearted young fellow, with something inside his skull that was active enough to look out at window and to see something more than a pretty girl. At present, however, there was a cloud upon his brow.

"Yes, Elsa," he said, when he had industriously picked up the last fragment of the last saucer and had placed it on the deal table,— "yes, Elsa: it is all very well to preach patience, but I *have* been patient—for two whole years. And then, you see, impatience is apt to take its turn. Never mind the cups and saucers—I'll make that all right with the father; and he is no model of patience, any way."

"There, then—it's no good crying over spilt milk-jugs. There's one comfort—now there's nothing left to break, I can't break anything more. But don't go spending your money in buying new things like you did last time—do you hear? That isn't the way to get rich; and you sha'n't say, 'Oh, if I had only thought twice before I betrothed myself to a clumsy girl with two left hands!' You promise? Then I don't care any more. And you *must* be patient, Max—you must indeed. Why, I'm not nineteen, and you're not twenty-four; before I'm twenty and you're twenty-five you'll have painted your grand picture; and then—and then—if you're not too great and grand to care about Elsa any more, why, we shall have lots of time to get old enough to keep our golden wedding."

"My darling, how can you say such things? If I were an emperor—if I were a Titian—you would be my wife and empress, always and always. Don't you know yet how I love you, Elsa? But it's just that, it is my great love, that makes me impatient, and—afraid."

"Afraid, Max! What of? I assure you I don't mean to run away."

"Ah, Elsa, my own darling, you are the dearest girl—but you don't understand these things. If I were a workman like your father; if I lived in one of the great cities where a man has daily chances; if—if—a thousand things,—I should be able to make even your father see that he might give you to me at once without fear. But I can't give up my art, Elsa; that is

my nature : it would be like giving up you. My only hope of getting known in my art is to get this travelling-prize that would send me to Rome or Munich —”

“And that would part us, Max.”

“Yes — but bring us nearer. Five hundred gulden, Elsa! Well, you know how I have worked for it, how we have hoped for it, how we have made sure of it — for well I knew, and everybody knew, there is no student here who had a chance against me. And now, my darling, just when I felt myself on the point of success, it is dashed from my lips — my cup is broken, yes, just like one of those saucers, Elsa.”

She turned pale. “Why, Max, the competition is not for a whole month; what has happened — what can you mean?”

“I mean this, Elsa — that, at the last moment, the man whom we all thought nothing of — Adolf Meyer — has found out how to paint. It is the tortoise and the hare, Elsa — Adolf Meyer is the tortoise, and I, Max Brendel, am the hare. In a month’s time I shall be no nearer to you than now, my own little girl, and shall have the reputation of a beaten man.”

The colour stole back into her cheeks, while once more the tears in her eyes strove for mastery with a tender smile.

“Then not patience, Max,” she said — “not patience, but courage! Who fears a hundred Adolf Meyers? You have been working too hard, my poor Max, and worrying, as you promised me never to: just as though the clever men who have to decide won’t see the difference between him and you! Why, I am not clever; and yet even I know whose picture will win the prize!”

“Ah, Elsa, but the judges won’t see with your eyes. You haven’t seen what Meyer is painting. Elsa, I feel almost as if I could hate him; but his picture — it is glorious: if I don’t hate him, it’s because his picture makes me hate my own. My darling, if it wasn’t for your sake — if it wasn’t that the judges might turn out to be fools — I’d go home and thrust my poor Cleopatra into the stove. And if the judges are owls enough to give me the prize, I must say, ‘No: praise me for hard work if you like; but the crown of successful work — *that* is for Adolf Meyer.’”

She knew her lover; and there was something frank and generous in his very confession of jealousy, and in his determination, in spite of it, to be magnanimously just, that touched her. Some women would have said, “You are not the judges; take the award of those who are.” Such advice would have been both blame-

less and natural. She, however, only said —

“You will be the best, though, all the same. But do what is just and right. I will wait for you a thousand years, but will never ask you to do an unfair thing for me. Only remember, Max, it’s just as wrong not to fight bravely as not to fight fair. Don’t think of Adolf Meyer any more; do your best, and then see who’s the better man. Ah, here’s father!” she exclaimed, looking with a sudden return of her childish dismay upon the broken crockery. “Oh Max, Max, to think that a clever man like you should want to marry a girl with two left hands! Is it because you have two right ones, or why?”

II.

AFTER the example of the painter who concealed the face of Agamemnon during the sacrifice of his daughter, let a veil be drawn over the emotions of Herr Frohmann, the journeyman wood-carver and gilder, when he found himself welcomed home by a set-out of broken cups and saucers. He liked Max, and dearly loved his awkward Elsa; but he was tired of her singular talent for breakages, and, as Max had said, he was anything but a model of patience. Moreover, as a good and careful workman, who often had to deal with fragile and delicate materials, he regarded manual clumsiness much as, in another walk of life, he might have regarded mental stupidity. Max Brendel waited to divert as much of the storm as he could to his own broad shoulders, and then said good-night to Elsa at the street door. Her cheeks were wet with her own little troubles, but she gave him her parting words —

“Patience and Courage!” with a loving smile that turned her tears into April rain.

The young man’s heart grew full of love. But his love — as it should not have done — made him take an almost morbidly cross view of the sordid, despicable difficulties that stood between him and Elsa. He had not told her their full magnitude; indeed they were of a kind that could not be told by an uneloquent man to an unimaginative girl. All his earnest love of art, all his resolute devotion to it, was embittered by one drop of fatal poison. He was in that condition of life from which genius alone can soar into glory and the gilding of glory; and the more he toiled, the more assured he became that the divine wings were not his. He could feel all the beauty that he saw

—he could copy it with skilful fidelity; but of original creative power he owned to himself he had none. His instructors encouraged him, his fellow-students spoke well of him—too well: Elsa believed in him. But there was no living to be made by the brush and pencil in that little town; and in the great world, he knew, every art-centre contained minnows that were Tritons to him. He might, he supposed, scrape together, in the course of many years, enough to keep Elsa without giving up his art; but in how many years? and what right had he to make her waste her youth for him? There was this travelling-prize—that would have given him at once a certain position and prestige which would have entitled him to farther aid and patronage—and now this, he knew more surely than he could explain to Elsa, was lost to him. Adolf Meyer, the dark horse, had suddenly developed a long dormant creative power: Adolf Meyer's "German Prophetess after the defeat of Varus" was as superior to his laboured "Cleopatra" as cheese to chalk. Meyer had one day mysteriously asked the future prize-student to look at a picture that he was going to enter for the competition, and to tell him whether it was good enough to be beaten without disgrace: Max had gone to patronize, and had been dismayed. It was as much as he could do to refrain from saying, "This will do you harm: by no means send it in." Poor Max! It was like cutting his own throat to say—"Send it in, Adolf: it is better than mine." But he had said so, bravely; and it was while fresh from this act of suicide that he had come to visit Elsa. It may seem a trifle; but a sudden blow like this to one full of eager love and ambition, and with his whole future seemingly set upon a losing die, made him feel half broken-hearted.

Poor Max! and poor envy! That very unbeautiful passion is not always deserving of very bitter blame.

"Adolf Meyer!" thought Max. "He is not in love. He is not poor. He doesn't want to marry Elsa. He is clever enough to make his own way without aid. He doesn't want a travelling-prize—it is nothing to him—but it is my all, my only one path to reach my only one ewe lamb. And he never expected the prize: he does not expect it now—his triumph will astonish him while it humiliates me. Why do those who don't want always get, and those who do want always lose? Why, why is a girl like Elsa to suffer just because

an Adolf Meyer happens to have been born? Things looked long and black enough before, but to set out in life as a branded failure!—I shall never be able to redeem myself. People will say, 'Oh, Max Brendel! that's the man who was beaten at some trumpery competition in a country town.' I shall be worse off than Sleinitz or even Rothkopf, who won't be branded at all just because nobody ever expected anything from them. I will fall ill—I will have my "Cleopatra" burnt by accident—I will do anything rather. But then—no, Elsa must not love a man who turns tail and runs away. I doom her to a weary waiting—but she must not wait for a coward. Oh, I would sell my soul to the devil for a quick road to fame and fortune—for one original idea that would cut out the prophetess and throw Adolf Meyer into the shade!"

Suddenly he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. But it was not the devil—it was only his friend and fellow-student, Hans Rothkopf.

"Ha, Max—how wags the world with thee? At play so early? I thought daylight was burnt at both ends over thy 'Cleopatra.' Take care, or I shall beat thee with my 'Boreas,' to which I've only got to put just a—beginning—to make it a wonder of the world. But what thinkest thou, Max? They say that poor dunder-head, Adolf, has caught a craze that he's going to get the prize! No one knows what he's after, but he shuts himself up, locks his door, and daubs away like a madman. I got hold of his old hat this morning, and painted a laurel wreath inside the crown. A good joke, eh?"

"Excellent! He really works, then?"

"I suppose so. We've pumped him for the name of his picture, we have chaffed the very life out of the poor boy; but not a word: he blushes like a girl, tosses up his head, says 'Oh, nothing,' and stalks off with his coat-tails spread out like a peacock's. Sleinitz pinned them together yesterday: a good joke, but not so good as my laurel crown. Yes, there's no doubt that the frog is aping the ox, and that Adolf Meyer is trying to beat Max Brendel and—Hans Rothkopf."

"And nobody has seen his pr—his picture?"

"Nobody has seen anything, except Sleinitz. Fired by the noble thirst for gratifying curiosity which is the mark of his noble mind, he looked through the key-hole and saw—nothing."

"Well, we must all be on our mettle," said Max, with a poor attempt at a smile.

"And," he thought to himself, "I won't betray Adolf's secret — he sha'n't be frightened out of the field by the silly wit of Sleinitzes and Rothkopfs, as he most assuredly would be. No, no, Elsa; you and I fight fair."

But there was no doubt, then, that Meyer was really trying, and that Meyer would win. The "Cleopatra" was as much out of the field as the "Boreas," which had not yet been begun, and never would be.

There was time indeed before the competition to paint another picture to rival the prophetess. But there was not time, even in a lifetime, for Max Brendel to create a new idea — to enter upon a rivalry, not in workmanship, but in the promise of future greatness, to which the judges would, of course, look first of all. It was singularly careless on the part of the legendary buyer of souls not to take him at his word; for most assuredly, if there was ever an honest and honourable soul ripe and ready for buying it was Max Brendel's, and that for the cheap price of an obscure painting-prize. No — not for a cheap price, though: for Elsa must be thrown in.

He was seized, before he reached his lodging, with a burning desire to visit the prophetess once more, and to see for himself how far Meyer's burst of energy had aided his newly-fledged genius. The prophetess was like a magnet to him, and drew him as men are always fascinated by what they most hate and fear. Her painter might shrink from the jests of the other students, but it was not likely he would refuse admittance to the generous rival who had encouraged him to enter for the prize. And so it proved.

There were few distinctions in the way of living among the people of the quiet South-German town where Max Brendel and Elsa Frohmann had been born. The little knot of art-students, whom poverty and an art-school with some prizes and honourable traditions had gathered there, lived as their fellows live in larger art-centres. They formed a sort of brotherhood in friendship and rivalry, took their pleasures in company, cultivated as much eccentricity as they dared, and looked down upon the *bourgeoisie*. Among them, Max Brendel, owing to a certain unobtrusive strength of purpose, was king; and it speaks well for this rather thoughtless society that the arrival of a young man like Adolf Meyer, who in comparison with the others was actually rich, had made no difference in its allegiance. Indeed, Meyer, just because he carried a purse, was treated

as an outsider, an amateur — as one beyond the pale of sympathy; while his sensitiveness, his solitary ways, and his supposed stupidity marked him out for the butt on all occasions. But Max Brendel was not inclined to despise Meyer for his purse when he ascended the stairs of a house where the rent of a single room would have been a small fortune to him, and knocked at the door which concealed the prophetess and her creator from prying eyes.

"Who is there?" called out a gentle, almost feminine voice, in a high key.

"I — Max Brendel. May I come in?"

"And welcome, if it's you. Come in — I don't hide my prophetess from you: if it hadn't been for you, her beginning would have been her end. I can't bear to talk about my work among the others while it's going on — it is like letting in common flaring daylight between one's self and one's dreams; do you ever feel what I mean? It is so wonderful to feel this new sort of life boiling up in one; it's meat and wine to me, and I've scarcely slept since you said of my prophetess, 'She'll do!' I spend the night in waiting for daylight. Now, tell me honestly — will she do?"

Max looked at the picture long and earnestly.

"It's not nearly finished," he said slowly, "and it's lucky for you you've taken a wild sort of subject, for your anatomy is queer. But — she'll do. You will be a great man, Adolf — a very great man. Tell me," he added suddenly, as he saw the lad's eyes sparkle with pride and pleasure, "do you so very much care about this trumpery prize?"

"The prize! Do you mean I have really a chance of the prize? Oh Max, it would be too glorious to conquer you!"

"Too glorious! — You are set upon it, then?"

"Why not? I am greedy of fame. I must go to Rome with honour. I feel I have genius, Max — you have told me so; and if it has come late it will last long. Yes, I *do* want the prize — it's nothing to you, and it's everything to me. You will stay at home and work on here — I must spread my wings and fly abroad. So you admit my prophetess is better than your Cleopatra? Ah, how proud you must be to have discovered a genius greater than your own! — and when I am rich, Max, you too shall come to Rome."

So he, too, had used the words "It's nothing to you — everything to me." Max recognized the repetition of his own

thought, and smiled scornfully. Adolf Meyer had no Elsa: Max Brendel would have been ashamed to indulge openly in such a display of selfish vanity. Nevertheless, greedy and selfish as his rival might appear to him, two stubborn facts were clear—the prophetess *was* better than the Cleopatra, and Adolf Meyer did not mean to yield the prize. And Max was far too proud to sue like a pauper for charity to his rival's generosity.

"So be it, Adolf," he said, holding out his hand. "I, too, want the prize. When that is adjudged we will be friends; till then we are rivals, and nothing more. I will do nothing to discourage you, but I will do nothing to aid you—I will not even see your prophetess again for fear a hint that might help you should drop from me unawares. You must work on alone, like me. If you fail, your genius will soar up again, never fear. If I fail—but that's nothing to you. Good-bye, Adolf, till we met at Philippi."

"Ah, I see you are not generous," said Adolf. "I was mistaken in you, Herr Brendel. You would rather earn a beggarly prize for yourself than help genius into the world. You are jealous—but you have taught me strength, for which I thank you; and if I do not use it, if you crush it down, the loss will be the world's."

"Till Philippi, Adolf Meyer," repeated Max Brendel.

III.

MAX went home, with a new and dogged determination—to prove that strength of will may rise even superior to genius when it draws on all its powers. The winning of Elsa for his wife had by this time identified itself in his mind with winning the prize. He felt as if he were playing dice with fate, and that this was his last throw. He was excited by his challenge, but not with the champagne-like excitement of Adolf Meyer. He knew that his strength lay in hard work, and he was resolved this time to prove himself the tortoise and Meyer the hare.

He walked up to his "Cleopatra" with set lips and a firm brow. Without a moment's compunction or hesitation he took a knife and deliberately destroyed in a moment the anxious labour of many months. Then he drew a deep sigh of relief. He had a whole month before him, and the field of action was cleared.

But, as the dog in the fable lost the substance by grasping at the shadow, even so was it with Max Brendel. What subject should he take? It would employ his

unimaginative mind more than the month to think one over, and every moment now was more precious than a pearl. How do artists invent—poets, painters, musicians—it matters not which, since all are akin? He racked his brains to think over all the different ways of work of which he had read or heard—how some men walked about the streets till the fancy came, how others wandered alone into the fields, how others listened to music, how others drank, how others smoked, how others lay in bed watching the dances of the flies, how others took up the pen or brush and let inspiration flow as it were, not from themselves, but from the dead instrument of their labour. How he spent the next day or two he hardly knew, except that he more than once saw Elsa, whose society gave him transitory hope and courage, but not the inspiration that he required. He put in practice every receipt in turn. He went out into the streets, and met nothing. He wandered far afield, and nature smiled at him in silence—she yields no secrets to anxious minds. He lay on his bed and watched the flies, and saw—the flies. He went into the public garden, smoked, drank beer, and listened to the concert; but his friends came and chatted to him and drove away any idea that might have been suggested by valtzes and *pot-pourris*. Finally, in desperation, he stood before his bare canvas, and dashed at it at random—nothing came.

Meanwhile the month became a month no more; and every day that perished gave him a stab as it passed by. He thought over histories, legends, myths, poems, and rejected them all—they were all old, he could give them no original treatment, and the prophetess was new.

One day he met Adolf Meyer.

"How goes on the 'Cleopatra'?" asked the latter. "Let me see—who was it that was beaten at Actium? You are looking pale—don't work for defeat too hard."

He felt himself so degraded that he could not even invent a false boast in order that his rival might at all events get the worst in a skirmish of words. Meyer's taunt was one of the jests that kill.

Max Brendel lodged in one of the oldest, oddest, and most dilapidated houses in that mediæval town, where all the houses are odd and old. It was dark, black, and rat-eaten, and has probably tumbled down by this time. The ground-floor was occupied by the landlord himself, a dealer in miscellaneous articles of every sort and

kind, of which the less salable strayed into every nook and corner of the lofts and stairs. Max paid less rent than would otherwise have been charged, on the understanding that he should not object to share his one room with a considerable quantity of lumber. His articles of furniture accordingly changed themselves pretty often, so that he seldom knew what chairs and tables stood in his room from one day to another; and it was therefore nothing new to him to see some unfamiliar movable in his room. Nothing but his easel was really his own: he often found himself without a table, and sometimes without a chair. His fellow-students used to date their visits to him from the epoch of the ebony cabinet, the wicker bird-cage, or the stuffed chamois. Elsa could never come to him there—at least he thought not, and her father, Herr Frohmann, was sure not: the dust, litter, and darkness alone would have killed one who was used to live in moderately pure air. But he was acclimatized to all its peculiarities: and so, after his last encounter with his rival, he was not surprised to find a greater change than usual in the appearance of the room. His landlord had been selling, buying, or bartering—that was all.

All indeed—for the month had dwindled to four-and-twenty days, and the canvas on his easel was as barren as it had been seven days ago. He threw himself into a new arm-chair—an unwonted luxury—mechanically filled a china bowl with tobacco, and sought to evolve a fancy upon the canvas out of the smoke-clouds. His mind was calmer than it had been during the whole week before; but that meant nothing. Nothing is calmer than the despair which is on the point of turning into apathy.

"So Meyer thinks I'm looking pale. Well, it's a long time since I saw myself; I daresay I am." Trivial thoughts always mock the man who is deliberately trying to be inspired. "Elsa—Elsa—Elsa—" he thought, half-aloud, as he rose and stood before a mirror, framed in carved black oak, that had been newly imported into the room with the arm-chair. Most pieces of furniture have a hidden history—new ones sometimes, old ones always. Who can say what occult effect may not be produced by some accident of manufacture—by some slight predominance of one element over another in a chemical mixture—some slip of the craftsman's hand? That mirror, with its antique and curious frame, must have had a story—it must have reflected innumerable persons

and scenes, some, it may be, indelibly, just as walls may remember what they hear with their ears. Who can tell? Only one thing is certain. Max Brendel looked in the looking-glass and saw a face. In that there was nothing strange; and yet he suddenly started from head to foot.

The face he saw was not his own.

IV.

NOR, by any possible caprice of twilight or of imagination could the face of the looking-glass be twisted into the wildest distortion of the homely features of Max Brendel. It was that of a woman, who was not otherwise reflected, even in the inmost recesses of his memory. How can it be described in the instant that measured his first bewilderment? It took many long bewildered moments before he himself saw all that there was to see. To say that the face was beautiful is as little as to say that Elsa was not beautiful—beauty lies in the eye that sees, not in the thing seen. It was a new face—unlike any he had ever seen before: it was foreign, and he had never to his knowledge seen a foreign face out of a picture: it was a face belonging to other times, although it was still young—youth was set upon it as upon jewels that never grow old. Nor was it a recollection reflected in an excited fancy from any of the pictures in the gallery that he knew by heart: it was not the memory even of a dream—Max never dreamed, except of Elsa. In spite of the astonishment, not far removed from terror, that so sudden and unaccountable an apparition could not fail to cause, the painter's eyes were fascinated: he caught every detail long before he had recovered from his first surprise sufficiently to rub his eyes.

What he saw was the living picture of a lady, seemingly of high rank, emerging from the shadowy background of his own room, and dressed in one of those costumes that may be seen in many old Italian portraits, stiff and squarely cut in amber-coloured silk and point-lace, that covered the bust up to the throat and the arms down to the elbows. The slender neck wore a necklace of large pearls: the arms below the elbows, and the figure below the waist, were not visible.

These were the surroundings. The features themselves were of exquisite regularity; but their marvellous delicacy, even transparency of hue and texture, saved them from the statuesque lifelessness which people choose to call classical. She could have sat for no marble nymph

or goddess, despite the perfect symmetry of every feature from brow to chin. The profuse and luxuriant hair thrown back freely from the brow, and waving down till it disappeared behind the shoulders, was of the colour of gold, but not like gold — it sparkled and shone in the candle-light as though spun into silk from diamonds. The lips were tender and girlish, neither full nor thin, neither scarlet nor pale. The dazzlingly fair complexion was tinged with an ever-varying rose, that never faded for a moment, and yet never for a moment remained the same. It was as if, in some exquisitely delicate masterpiece of Venetian art, one looked at sunlight through sparkles of clearest wine. Some subtle association of ideas reminded him who now saw this face for the first time of almond-blossoms and snow-crystals. There was no thought, however, of the coldness of snow: the image that rose unconsciously in the painter's mind was that of the almond-bough in full bloom, and at the same time hung with frost-jewels in the full light of the sun. The idea was both vague and discordant; but it was a discord of the kind without which an otherwise too harmonious musical phrase would lose the crown of perfection: it was an outrage upon harmony from which a new and more wonderful harmony seemed to spring. Her eyes, too, were at once both a concord and a discord — they were dark, of the grey that is often taken for brown, and looked forth gravely and softly from under firmly-arched brows, just as the warm inner soul of the Spirit of Winter may sometimes look forth through her disguise of snow. It was these eyes that fascinated and chained his own.

How other men would have received such a vision, each must judge for himself. Max Brendel, even before his first bewilderment had passed, was seized with a horrible fear — that of a sane man who for the first time in his life sees what is inconsistent with sanity.

"*Mein Gott!*" he exclaimed, as he grasped his head with both his hands, "the prophetess has turned my brain!"

Even as he looked, the hitherto unseen hands of the apparition rose into sight and clasped her head, just as he had clasped his own, while the grave eyes still regarded him fixedly.

He dropped his hands to his side — hers, simultaneously, passed out of sight again.

"This is too horrible! These hideous seven days have sent me mad — Elsa is betrothed to a madman! I have heard of

such things: how men may brood over one thought, and try to draw water from an empty brain till reason goes. I am Max Brendel — yes," he said aloud, as if arguing with an adversary, "Max Brendel the painter, the betrothed of Elsa Frohmann, who live in the Adler-Gasse, who tried to paint Cleopatra — I am not a woman; I have neither golden hair nor grey eyes, I wear neither yellow silk nor a necklace of pearls. What! you are still there? You insist on making me disbelieve my own eyes? They see true enough — the candles, the easel, the books, the stove, the pipe that was given me by Rothkopf, my own coat, my own hands — and to be tricked by an accursed looking-glass into seeing a face that I never saw the like of all my life before!" He took several rapid turns about the room, drank a glass of water, rubbed his eyes violently, and came back to the mirror. The strange face was still there.

"It is some trick of Rothkopf or Sleinitz," he exclaimed angrily, — "some villainy of Adolf Meyer." He searched the room all over, and discovered that no trick was possible. He shifted the position of the mirror, and the face still remained — only changing its aspect as he changed, and moving as he moved. In all things but in dress and in feature it was still as much his own reflection as if this were the most ordinary of mirrors.

He nervously exhausted every experiment by which he might decide whether he really saw anything so incredible, or whether he only thought he saw. At last a crucial test struck him. He ran quickly down-stairs to the ground-floor where his landlord kept the bulk of his miscellaneous stock in trade.

"Herr Elias!" he called out, bursting without ceremony into the broker's shop or den, "come up instantly — I mean if you're not busy. I want to ask you about the price of something."

Herr Elias, Max Brendel's landlord, was a little old man, with a black skull-cap, a wrinkled face, twinkling eyes, and a ragged white beard. He bowed politely to the only tenant in the world who would have paid him any rent whatever for a partial possession of his rat-eaten lumber-room.

"Eh, eh! you want to buy, my good Herr Max? You want some more handsome china for the good Herr Frohmann? Well, I have some quite new, my good Herr Max, that you shall have a bargain. But there is none in your apartment: what is it you want me to see?"

"Only a looking-glass—it struck my fancy—that's all."

"Eh! The looking-glass! That will be for the good Fräulein, then? Yes—it is a good looking-glass, a beautiful looking-glass, a wonderful looking-glass, and I will sell it you cheap, my good Herr Max—a handsome marriage-gift for the Elsa; it is to come off soon, then, eh, eh? Ah, when I wipe the dust off you will not grudge what I shall charge; and you shall pay me by just putting a few kreutzers you won't miss on to the rent, if you'd rather not pay down."

"Well, come and show me all about it, Herr Elias. Where did it come from?" he asked, while the old broker climbed slowly up-stairs.

"Aha! where it came from? I am a little deaf, my good Herr Max—that is as may be. Such things come and go, my good Herr Max, mostly when people owe more than they can pay, and don't like their names known. Ah, I could tell you strange things. Now that looking-glass—but no, my good Herr Max, there are things to be told, and there are things not to be told. But never you fear, my good Herr Max; it is mine, and it shall be yours—a real bargain." They were now in front of the mirror. "It is beautiful, my good Herr Max—it is fit for a queen. Look at the carving—not the good Herr Frohmann could beat that, if he tried a hundred years. They knew how to carve when that was made. And see—now I wipe the glass it shines like silver. It will make the Elsa look like the daughter of a burgo-master. Ah, my good Herr Max, I'd rather the Elsa would look into it than any great lady of them all. You shall have it dirt cheap; and if you pay for it with the rent, you won't feel it more than if I gave it you for nothing at all."

But the ingenious contrivance of Herr Elias for raising the rent of his lumber-room was lost upon his tenant. The broker was looking intently into the glass all the time he was speaking, and said nothing to show that he saw anything but his own withered face and white beard. Max, too, saw clearly the reflection of Herr Elias. But by the side of the broker, and opposite to himself, he saw, not himself, but the face—unchanged, down to the minutest detail of dress, expression, or form.

"Look, Herr Elias!" he said wildly; "what do you see there?"

"Where, my good——"

"There—in the mirror!"

"In the mirror? I see the room—I

see you—I see me. Ah, one sees everything in that mirror, my good Herr Max—everything!"

"Nothing—no one—more?"

"Eh, eh! what should be more?"

"Then I *am* mad," groaned poor Max in despair. But he only said, "Oh, nothing—only a shadow, I suppose."

"Ah, you painters are curious people—you see what nobody else sees, and don't see what everybody sees. Yes, that is a famous mirror—you see everything there, and get it a bargain besides. Only a trifle on to the rent—leave it to me, my good Herr Max, and it's done. Shall we say done?"

"Let us say good-night, Herr Elias," was all Max, now that his last hope was gone, could say. "We'll talk about it to-morrow. I don't feel quite myself—if you could trust me with a *schnaps*——"

"Trust you, my good Herr Max!—with the bottle—and add it to the trifling charge for the looking-glass, so you won't feel it at all. You shall have the *schnaps*, never fear. Good-night, my good Herr Max, and sleep well. The good Herr Max has been working too hard," thought Herr Elias as he went down-stairs again. "We must make hay while the sun shines."

V.

WHICH is best—to believe thoroughly in one's self or to have somebody else who thoroughly believes in one? The self-doubting Max Brendel had at all events the latter privilege—he was believed in most implicitly by Elsa Frohmann.

To her, Max Brendel was already the greatest of all painters, living or dead: and so would he remain to her even though he should lose five hundred prizes. To be loved is to enjoy, in one's lifetime, imperishable fame. She looked forward to the great competition—a really grand event in that out-of-the-way place, more especially as it took place only once in three years—with the certainty of triumph: her lover's doubts and fears were in her eyes but signs of the modesty which is supposed, more popularly than soundly, to go hand in hand with genius. As the days went on, however, even she began to grow anxious, if not, as yet, to fear. Max, though as loving as ever, was not quite the same to her as of old. That he was working desperately hard, she knew; but her idea of work was of something that made people strong and cheerful, and did not chain their tongues and cover their

brows with gloom. Her Max was her all, and she watched him jealously. They had vowed to be like daylight to one another; but even she, though assured he would keep nothing from her, began to fear that he had something on his mind besides his chronic poverty, and this terrible contest that was now so close at hand.

If only that could be leapt over by wishing, or if, at least, they could know the best or worst at once and beforehand! Why could not the great people give everybody who deserved it a prize, without making a dozen people anxious and wretched in order to make one man anxious and happy? For the first time in her life, had any one asked her if she was happy, she would have said no. As the days still crept on, she began to catch the fever of impatience, and, though she would have waited for Max till the end of time, found a single week of waiting not less hard to bear than Max or Meyer.

Yes — it now wanted no more than a single week to the day, and the two chief rivals still shut themselves up alone. Adolf Meyer, in spite of his self-sufficing genius, had taken his rival's hint and was working hard to strengthen his drawing: Max was engaged no one knew how — not even Elsa. She would have been wounded by this want of confidence had she not the most infinite respect for the peculiarities of the artist-nature, and were she not sure that Max had some sufficient reason for his secrecy: he might have set his heart upon giving her a surprise, or he might be under a vow. She herself had made a vow. If the judges gave the prize to Max, she would give up wearing her beautiful ear-rings for a whole year.

And now it was six days — five days — four days to the time. Now to-morrow it would be the day after to-morrow, now it was actually to-morrow — now, in six hours, it would be to-day. Elsa hoped that Max would spend the eve of the competition with her. But, to her bitter disappointment, he excused himself on the ground that he still had something left to do.

"But patience!" once more said Elsa — to herself this time.

Adolf Meyer, like Max Brendel, remained at home during these last hours. No cowardly self-distrust marred the coming triumph of the genius who was to be revealed. It was far more than a triumph to him. He, the despised of his fellow-students, had to-morrow show them whom they had despised — what angel they had been entertaining unawares.

All their jests would be avenged at one blow; and in a few short years — a few months, more likely — the world of art would resound with the name of Adolf Meyer. The judges came by invitation from a greater city. They would, of course, carry back news of the genius whom they had discovered in a corner: his picture would at once lead to profitable commissions. The prophetess would find a home in some splendid gallery to which pilgrimages would be made from far and near — and the journals would speak of "that rising young painter, Adolf Meyer — the German Raphael." What would Rothkopf and Sleinitz say then? And then — with the praises of the judges and the plaudits of the spectators still hot in his ears, he would be generous. He would hold out his hand to his defeated rival, and would say, before them all, "I am the artist, but you are the critic, Max — my glory is your noblest prize," — and then the applause would ring out again. All this and many more such thoughts crowded into the young man's mind as he stalked up and down his room, already intoxicated with the untasted flavour of fame. While Max was the disbeliever in himself in whom somebody believed, Meyer was the man in whom nobody believed except himself — and this added an intense zest to his coming victory over his rival, over public opinion, over everybody and everything.

Thus, then, the eve of the competition was passed by all who were most interested therein — by Max in seeming sullenness, by Adolf Meyer in solitary castle-building, by Rothkopf and Sleinitz in beer-drinking, by Elsa in hope disguised as fear.

Meanwhile the prophetess was finished, and the "Cleopatra," on which her hope was built, had been destroyed.

She did not close her eyes all night, except once; when she fell off into a dream. Max was being tried for his life, and Meyer was standing by with the town headsmen's sword. She had never seen Adolf, but she knew it was he. She woke with a start, and found the hour still too early even for a German girl, who was her father's sole housekeeper and servant, to rise.

At last came the terrible hour when she might calm her impatience by putting on all her finery to see the show, to which Max had obtained admission for her. But as she put the ear-rings into her ears her heart sank — she thought how she had looked forward to being present at her

husband's triumph, and now she repented that she had ever undertaken to go. Would it not be best to wait at home for the tidings of good or of ill? What should she do if she heard the judges read out the name of Adolf Meyer? But then staying at home would prolong the suspense, and that would be worse still; and perhaps her presence might give some little strength to Max. Any way she must not begin her career as a wife by hiding herself away from her husband's fortunes, whatever they might be; and, as a last reason for not staying at home, she could not keep away from where her heart would be.

Max came early to take her to the *Rath-haus*, or town-hall, where the pictures of the several candidates were to be examined and compared. He looked collected and firm, though his face was pale, and though there was an odd, dreamy sort of look about his eyes — not altogether new to Elsa during the last few weeks, but never so conspicuous as now.

"Thou must indeed have been working too hard, my poor Max," she said softly: "thou must not be wretched and unhappy for a poor little girl like thy Elsa. But that shall not be when I take thee in charge, and get thee away from that ugly old Elias."

She took his arm as she spoke, and looked up in his face with what was meant for a courageous smile. But he only answered —

"Come, Elsa."

The old *Rath-haus* was beautiful only in the eyes of antiquarians, but to her it was the very type of all architectural magnificence, next to the cathedral; and to actually enter it, with real business there, was almost awe-inspiring. No criminal, innocent or guilty, ever felt more reverence for the judges of his life or liberty than did Elsa for the two gentlemen who had been invited from far away by the burgomaster to decide what young man should be fairly launched into the world of art, there to become famous, or to break his heart, or to starve, or, more probably, to become one of a crowd of nobodies. Half-a-dozen pictures stood in the hall side by side, all carefully covered over, and each bearing a distinguishing number. All the students and the two or three professors were there, some with outside acquaintances, some alone. There was Rothkopf: there was Sleinitz: there, apart from the rest, stood one, with an eager light in his girlish face and with his

hands working nervously, who Elsa's heart told her at once was Adolf Meyer. He looked towards Max and smiled: Elsa could have killed him for his smile.

The friends of Max — that is to say, almost all who were present — came up and spoke to him, — some jestingly, but all as if his success was a foregone conclusion. Meyer looked on and smiled again. Elsa felt proud of her lover's popularity, which she watched from a chair among the privileged spectators at the end of the room — all these people must be right, surely! Max was impassive.

At last, the town beadle, in official costume and bearing a long white wand, heralded his worship the burgomaster, a fat little lawyer with a jolly round face and good-natured eyes. He was followed by two strangers to the town: one a tall, black-bearded, black-headed, handsome man of about five-and-forty, who strode in like a soldier; the other a shabbily-dressed, elderly man, with a skin like parchment, bald and grey. These were the two judges upon whose verdict hung the future of Max Brendel and Elsa Frohmann. How she studied them from head to foot — their eyes, their hair, their very boots — in search of some hidden oracle!

The form of procedure was in the nature of a lottery. Numbers corresponding to those marked upon each covered canvas were placed in a box, drawn out in order of chance, and called; and each picture was uncovered and examined when its number came. There were six pictures, and Elsa knew that Max Brendel's number was five.

A little girl, the burgomaster's daughter, was to draw the numbers, and the beadle was to call them. So formal a ceremony was as good as a play to all the spectators, save one.

"The competition is opened," said the burgomaster.

The parchment-skinned man stood up by the box, patted the little girl on the head, and said a few words in the voice of a raven: then the tall man made a few remarks to his own beard. It was all intensely awful and imposing to Elsa. Then the little girl drew a number.

"Number four!" cried the beadle.

Elsa was relieved — somehow a first-drawn number never wins. But — was number four Adolf Meyer's? It was a fairly-painted landscape. The judges inspected it for a moment in silence, and the parchment-skinned man croaked, "Next number."

"Number two!"

"Before number two the judges did not pause even for one moment.

"Why, Hans," Elsa heard Sleinitz whisper to Rothkopf, "you hadn't the impudence to send in that sketch you didn't begin till yesterday after your thirteenth pint of beer?"

"Why not? Giotto was recognized by drawing a simple circle — why should not the genius of Hans Rothkopf be apparent in the smallest outline from his hand? *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* — and if Max must be Cæsar, I'd sooner be nullus than nobody."

"Number three!"

"Why, Sleinitz," said Rothkopf, "you hadn't the impudence to send in that thing?"

"Why not?" asked Sleinitz. "There's no knowing what accidents may happen. Suppose the 'Cleopatra' hadn't turned up, you know, and then Sleinitz would have come in as a *pis aller*."

"Number six!"

"Ah, that's —" said Rothkopf. Elsa could not catch the name, but it was not Meyer. There were now but two numbers left — one and five. Five being Brendel's, one must therefore be Meyer's. How Elsa's heart beat when the child's hand went into the box for the fifth time!

"Number five!"

The number was Max Brendel's, but the picture was not the "Cleopatra."

From The Spectator.

THE LIMITS OF ILLUSTRATION.

As this is the season of the illustrated books, we propose to offer a few words of suggestion to the public and the publishers on a subject which is too little considered both by the buyers and the purveyors of illustrated books,—the true limits of illustration. As a rule, nothing is more objectionable than illustrated poems. Unless it happen, as now and then it may, that the genius of a poet and the genius of a painter really converge on the same class of subjects,—as, for example, the genius of Flaxman to a certain extent really suited in no ordinary degree the noble and simple outlines of the Homeric pictures, or the genius of Doré the grim and grotesque horrors of Dante's "Inferno," or the genius of Retsch the Mephistophelian conceptions of Goethe's "Faust,"—the mood of mind in which men read poetry is simply disturbed

by the efforts of the painter to extract from it subjects for his art. We are not now speaking merely of poor conceptions. There may be really excellent designs derived from the suggestions of a poem which are not, in any true sense, illustrations of it. For example, we take up an illustrated book of poems of former years, and find in it a clever picture by Duncan, intended to illustrate Lord Byron's grand description of the shipwreck in "Don Juan." The picture was no doubt really suggested by Byron's lines,—which, however, by no means happens universally in the case of illustrated books. It is meant to illustrate the particular passage,—

There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews;

She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head-foremost—sank, in short.

Well, the picture, which was drawn by a competent man, puts in the stars, and the vessel going down head-foremost, and an attempt at a raft, and a boat or two; but so far from really helping the reader to conceive the poem, it simply interrupts and jars the mind of any one who appreciates the poem. The key-note of that description is the derisive, scoffing tone in which the agony is treated,—a tone probably intended to convey the effect of the seeming cruelty of nature on the mind. Of course, the sardonic tone is the tone of the whole poem, and not merely of this description; but evidently it is worked carefully into this otherwise grand description under the feeling that it specially suited it. Lord Byron describes the raft as—

A sort of thing at which one would have laughed,

If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaffed,

And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,—
Half-epileptical and half-hysterical;—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

That sufficiently conveys the mood of the whole description,—a mood of capricious, contemptuous indifference, the mood of one who fiddles while Rome burns, just as the stars shine and the sun dawns brightly over drowning men. Mr. Duncan's picture gives no hint of this mood. It is simply a ship going down in a rolling sea, and nothing more. To look at it vexes the mind full of Byron's poem, instead of stimulating it. And what is true of this illustration is true a hundredfold more of

almost all the others in the same book. Except where the poem is so namby-pamby that anything decently drawn to look at, is a relief from the poem, the illustrations spoil the poems. And in the opposite case, the poems spoil the illustrations. Or take a book now before us, a newly illustrated edition of Shelley. We turn to the wonderful lines (perhaps the most overwhelming, in the pathos of their profound dejection, which Shelley ever wrote), the "Lines written in Dejection at Naples," and find opposite them a picture of Naples and its dancing waves, with Vesuvius sending up a cloud of smoke at a distance, and a good many boats on the shore. Well, there is no harm in the picture, except the harm of a most impertinent bit of interruption. It no more assists or supplements the poem, than it would help you to understand "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to have pictures interpolated of a doll-fairy and an ass's head. Indeed publishers have no judgment in these things. They think that if something is mentioned in a poem, it should necessarily be agreeable to the reader of that poem to have a picture of that something presented to him. It is just like Mr. Micawber's idea, when his friends proposed to him to carry coals on the Medway, that the first step to take was "to run down and have a look at the Medway." It would be just as wise, and no wiser, to illustrate Mr. Jevons or Mr. Bonamy Price on money by a picture of a pound sterling and a five-pound note, or Mr. Tyndall on heat by a picture of a ton of coals. But this is not even the worst illustration in the edition of Shelley now before us. There is an illustration to Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" which is still more distressing. Shelley had a dream of a garden inhabited by a lady "whose form was upborne by a lovely mind," and who had "no companion of mortal race." Of course, like all Shelley's visions, the details concerning the lady are not to be particularized. She is a feminine essence rather than a real woman. She tends the flowers, and we are told that—

Wherever her airy footstep trod
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its slight vestige with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

But here you have an illustration of a fashionably-dressed young woman, whose sweeping gown certainly would make a great deal more impression on the grass than her trailing hair could ever efface. To try and embody such a conception as

Shelley's in a real woman would have been a mistake in any artist. And this particular artist only makes the conception of the "Power in this sweet place" ridiculous, by embodying a delicate and poetical abstraction in a substantial feminine form. But worst of all is the illustration of Prometheus on the rocks of Caucasus, saying,—"No change, no pause, no hope, yet I endure." The figure would not be a bad illustration of Dickens's Captain Cuttle, if he had ever been chained to the Caucasus; but as an illustration of the "awful sufferer," the "mighty Titan" on whose mind "past ages crowd," who "closes his tearless eyes," yet tells the tyrant who torments him, "I see more clear thy work within my woe-illuminated mind," the picture is more than an absurdity,—a gross offence. The illustrations do not illustrate, but darken the poems; they are intrusions, and irritating intrusions, on them. Probably Flaxman might have illustrated "Prometheus Unbound" fairly; even Blake would have given us something mysterious and striking; but not one painter in a thousand could do anything but spoil Shelley. As a rule, then, except in a few very rare cases,—we can imagine some of Turner's illustrations lending a new meaning to some of Wordsworth's meditative poems on nature,—illustrations of poems are blunders, and irritating blunders, too, to any one who cares for the poetry; and the appending of poems to pictures is a blunder, and an irritating blunder to those who care chiefly for the drawings.

It is different, however, when we come to fiction, though here, too, most illustrations are disfigurements. The old illustrations of Scott's novels, for instance,—does any one recollect the pictures of Di Vernon and Rebecca, which used to adorn the old editions, and those wonderful illustrations of Miss Austen's novels, in which Elizabeth Bennett, in "Pride and Prejudice," is made so astonishingly artificial, and Fanny Price, in "Mansfield Park," in a hideously big bonnet and veil, with short sleeves and a scarf, is trying on a necklace, Miss Crawford standing by?—are amusing to us now, only because they show us the old-fashioned costumes which now appear so very funny. They no more *illustrate* anything than Millais's picture of the good wife helping her husband on with his coat to go away from home illustrates the Scotch song, "There is nae luck about the house," celebrating the husband's return home, to which it is

appended. And, indeed, it is only rarely that even in fiction true illustrations are possible. Cruikshank's illustrations of "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" are, indeed, part and parcel of the genius of those wonderful books. We should hardly know "the Artful Dodger" without Cruikshank's help in realizing Dickens's wonderful study. We should have nothing like a true conception of Noah Claypole's cunning, cowardice, and selfishness without Mr. Cruikshank's aid; and as for the wicked Fagin and his terrible horror of death, even the genius of Dickens acting alone would never have impressed it upon us as Cruikshank has impressed it. But then, Dickens's genius, with its strongly-marked physical features, its emphasis on all the superficial gesture and dress of life, and its leaning to caricature, is expressly calculated for illustration and especially for the illustration of such a man as Cruikshank, who may be said to have been born to complete Dickens and make the marvels of German fairy-tales visible to the eyes of children. Directly you turn from Cruikshank to the illustrations by Phiz, you see how imperfectly the latter has grasped many of Dickens's conceptions,—though one or two, Mr. Pecksniff, the American rowdies, Bailey Junior, and Mrs. Gamp, are admirably portrayed. Mr. Moddle, for instance, "the youngest gentleman in company" (who entreats Miss Pecksniff to "become the bride of a ducal coronet, and forget me. I will not reproach, for I have wronged you; may the furniture make some amends"), is a complete failure; and the grim avarice and murderous vindictiveness of Jonas Chuzzlewit are never conceived by Phiz at all. Still, Dickens was one of the most eminently illustratable of our novelists. His sharp, over-outlined conceptions lend themselves to the artist, especially if he has a good spice of the caricaturist in him; and Dickens hardly ever attempts to describe what is not in some way plainly written in lines upon the face or the gestures. Thackeray, again, was not only a satirist, but in his illustrations of his own tales became the satirist of his own satire, and showed you the snob beneath the gentleman and the selfish adventurer beneath the flatterer far more plainly than most men would have found them in the literary delineations themselves. But Trollope, again, has never really lent himself to illustration, except in the fragments of vulgar life which are to be found in most of his writings. The Mr. Cheesmans and Mrs. Green-

woods, the Mr. Kantwises and Mr. Moulders, the Mr. Slopes and Mrs. Proudis admit of lively illustrations, and some of them have found it; but his best characters, and his most truly humorous sketches, his Dean Arabins, Archdeacon Grantlys, Mr. Hardings, and Phineas Phinnis, do not very well lend themselves to illustration, and certainly have seldom been fortunate enough to find it. Mr. Trollope's delineations of common life are too true to reality to admit of being so drawn as to tell you more, or even as much, about them as he tells in his dialogues. There are very few real men whose characters are so written in their face, that you could tell nearly as much by seeing their outward forms as you could learn by hearing them converse.

We believe, then, that almost all illustrations to poems are worse than superfluous; that they injure the poems to which they are offered, except in the very rare cases in which the painter and the poet have a common element of genius, though expressed through different media; that novels are quite as often injured as helped by illustration, and always injured unless the novelist lived chiefly in his eyes as Dickens did, or has a good talent for caricature; and that almost the only kind of book to which respectable illustrations really add a good deal, are books in which there is some deep vein of the grotesque, like Dante's "Inferno," or "Don Quixote," or "Baron Munchausen," or again, almost all the fairy tales which delight children,—for in all these the artist's appeal to the eye really helps very materially in bringing home to the imagination of the reader the fancy-feats of the author. But certainly nine out of ten illustrated books that are not of this last class would be in better taste and more enjoyable without the illustrations than with them.

From The Saturday Review.

CONSIDERATION OF OTHERS.

CONSIDERATION in its social use is a new word. In books of the last century we find it employed only with reference to grave subjects and the weighing of important questions. To have it or to want it is not attributed as a feature of character. When Cowper assures a confiding friend that he divulges nothing but what might appear in the magazine, and this only after great consideration, he has in his mind the austere virtues of secrecy and discre-

tion. Now we use the word not only to express serious deliberation, but a habit, grown into an instinct, of deferring to the feelings and convenience of others in little things. Consideration does not come before us as an angel whose office it is to whip the offending Adam, but as an easy companion making the wheels of life run smooth. In fact, we hardly attribute it as a quality till we miss it. There are people whose whole course of proceedings in minor matters is a misfit: no action of theirs adjusts itself to our expectations or plans; their comings and goings upset arrangements; their sayings, doings, movements, as far as they affect us, seem guided by fate rather than intelligence. Nothing is convenient to them that suits the general convenience; they are compelled by necessity to disturb and put out. We say of such a one — of the man who, when he comes, habitually knocks the household up at two in the morning or keeps us painfully watching and waiting for him, and can find no better time for starting when he goes than five o'clock on a winter's morning — that he has no consideration; he perhaps says and thinks that he cannot help it, but we learn to recognize, not a necessity outside himself, but a characteristic. It is only by contrast that we find out that the friend who never puts out our plans, who comes when we expect him, who respects the dinner-hour, never interferes with an arrangement, and naturally conforms to the scene of which he finds himself a part, does so by no accidental felicity, but through a delicate though perhaps unconscious subservience of his will to ours; and we instal consideration into a virtue.

There are people, kind and even self-denying in great things, who constantly spoil pleasure or disturb the tranquillity of our serene hours through the defect of inconsiderateness. They will, to save the trouble of a letter, address a telegram announcing the merest trifle about themselves to some household which they know to be hanging on the tenter-hooks of suspense on a question of the deepest personal concern, careless that the message will be received with trembling hands as the tidings of death or ruin. If there happens at a picnic to be a girl particularly afraid of lightning, the inconsiderate man of the party draws the attention of the company to every black cloud, is sure that it is coming their way and means mischief. Timidity attracts this quality like a magnet. When a nervous elderly lady trusts herself to the dangers of an

open carriage, the inconsiderate man will hint at the uncertain temper of the horse, throw doubtful glances over the harness, or suspect a screw loose in the carriage which may make things awkward at the descent of the next steep hill, where more than one accident has happened within his knowledge. And whatever he is on land, he is worse on the water, where the terrors of timidity reach their climax — terrors which it seems his deliberate object to enhance by every word and action, only that we know how blindness to the feelings of others gives an aptitude in the art of infusing uneasiness not to be matched by design. A satirist of the old French court observes on this point: — "It would seem on first thoughts that part of the pleasure of princes was to inconvenience other people; but it is not so. Princes are like other men; they think of themselves, follow their taste, their passions, their convenience." It needs no malice of intention to bring about consequences that might have malice for their contriver. It is said that Queen Charlotte used to tell Mrs. Siddons stand reading to her till she was ready to drop. She did not know what it was to stand when she preferred sitting down. Consideration needs to be cultivated, and personal experience of the inconvenience to which others are subject is the great teacher on this point. Hence it is that rich people are often very inconsiderate in money matters. They put people to expense without realizing the embarrassment they cause. They know that they themselves are careless of money, which seems to them liberality, but it bores them to have to remember that this open-handedness is not within the compass of limited means; they cannot entertain the idea that to some people a small sum is like their life-blood. People long incapacitated from active exertion by illness or infirmity are often inconsiderate towards those they employ. It is not easy for them to realize that those who can walk at all can walk too much, or that healthy powers can be overstrained. How often indeed is health sacrificed to the inconsiderateness of sickness and decay, though this is a branch of our subject too grave to be dwelt upon here.

Servants have so much the upper hand nowadays that we have rather to plead for consideration from them than to give it, and perhaps it is only in lodging-houses that we see them still victims. Here, for the season, they think it worth while to endure trials of temper and unreasonable

demands on their physical strength which must be educating them for communists when their time comes. The notion that they have a right to consideration used to be regarded as an impertinence. Steele in his day represents the fine lady disgusted with the dawn of such pretensions. "The English are so saucy with their liberty, I'll have all my lower servants French; there cannot be a good footman born out of an absolute monarchy." The modern way of showing inconsiderateness to this class is by ignoring their presence in the choice of subjects of conversation. A sense of immeasurable distance between themselves and their attendants can alone account for the carelessness with which some people utter sentiments and repeat gossip before them. It would surprise as much as it would disgust them to find their paradoxical opinions and random comments repeated verbatim an hour after in the servants' hall; they have spoken under the impression that the topics of the master and his guests are altogether above menial intelligence.

But of course choice of topics is at all times one of the great tests of this quality. Most people can be quickened into considerateness by self-interest. To be treated with consideration is the privilege of wealth and greatness, while it is the lot of some never to have their existence recognized by regard for their feelings, preferences, dislikes. It does not do to complain, as some do, of people riding rough-shod over their sensibilities, but the thing sometimes happens through mere preoccupation with the principal figures in a group. The considerate temper ever bears in mind not only the prominent members of a company but the supernumeraries. Nobody is insignificant enough to be left out of the reckoning. This deliberation and suspended action of thought and tongue is, it must be granted, much easier to some persons than to others. The more pronounced the character the more is consideration of this subtle kind difficult, and a thing requiring a conscious effort; it is a mild virtue, meritorious in proportion to the wit and fine impulse it has to contend with. By reformers and ascetics it is discarded along with the other minor domestic virtues. It is their business to disturb every comfortable state of things. Every founder of a rule enforces his rule upon all constitutions and tempers alike; consideration would be weakness. But also it is the too common fault of family life to fail in considerateness. It is supposed that natural affec-

tion dispenses with it, as being a quality so innate that nothing can weaken it. And no doubt it does pull through some very rough encounters; but nothing can in the long run stand disregard or forgetfulness of the idiosyncrasies which constitute self. The families that hold on to one another through life have always considered one another in small things as well as great.

Want of tact is so like inconsiderateness in its effects that it may be regarded as a branch of our subject. We cannot, for example, say whether it is want of tact or want of consideration that sometimes stumbles in the way of the most critical occasions of life — those touch-and-go states of feeling between man and woman which must be caught at the crisis; when, if a proposal is interrupted, a declaration strangled in the opening sentence, no after opportunity is of any avail. To judge from novels and from some actual experiences, blunders of our present type have a great deal to answer for. Many a blighted life owes its sorrows to an inopportune intrusion or blindness to the obvious duty of keeping out of the way, or to a joke mistimed, or some other obtuseness of the moral sense. There is this difference to be observed between want of consideration and want of tact, that the one can be cured by care, watchfulness, regard for personal interest, or an enlarged benevolence, but the other never. Want of tact is an incurable infirmity; nothing can mend it, nothing can prevent its unseasonable exhibition. It is a sense wanting, whereas inconsiderateness is only a sense dulled from want of practice. In the one case it is mere want of thought, in the other it is innocent persistency in wrong saying and doing. The topics which want of tact will think suitable, the memories it will rake up, the services it will obtrude, the times and seasons it will violate, are in the very genius of perversity. While these escapades pass for inconsiderateness they irritate the immediate sufferer, but in time they accumulate into a treasury of anecdote, and constitute a character. The people, however, who really suffer under a man who flagrantly wants tact are not his immediate victims so much as those closely belonging to him, who sit by and listen and wonder with tingling ears and flushed cheeks; and, in fact, he often becomes rather a favourite with society. Deficiency of perception, joined with good nature, is always making demands for indulgence, and puts the pardoner in a superior position. We are always telling good stories of such

people behind their backs; their sayings and awkwardnesses are a stock subject in their own circle, and so promote talk and good neighbourhood.

Sydney Smith has given many of the traits which describe consideration and its opposite in his definitions of "a nice person," and "hardness of character." "A nice person," he says, "makes no difficulties, is never misplaced, is willing to sit bodkin, and is never foolishly affronted. A nice person helps you well at dinner, and understands you. A nice person respects all men's rights, never stops the bottle, is never long, and never wrong; always knows the day of the month, the name of everybody at table, and never gives pain to any human being. All the joys of life are communicated to nice people; the hand of the dying man is always held out to a nice person." And now for the reverse picture. "A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, your country; and then, with the greatest good-humour and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoofs upon your heart. The hard person crushes little sensibilities, violates little proprieties, and overlooks little discriminations, all from wanting that fine vision which heeds little things, that delicate touch which handles them, and that fine sympathy which superior moral organization always bestows." In all this he describes men as he finds them; we have touched on the causes which make one person "nice" to those about him, and the other "hard" and apt to annoy or wound.

From The Academy.

DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
SAMUEL PEPYS.*

THE diary which Samuel Pepys kept with praiseworthy diligence for ten years of his life has thrown such a flood of light upon the history and manners of his time that one is apt to forget the fact that before the year 1825 the world knew nothing of this mass of gossip. Yet so un-

grateful are we to our benefactors that the publication of the diary did an immense injury to its writer's reputation. Previously he was known as a staid, trustworthy and conscientious man of business, as a patron of science and literature, and as a president of the Royal Society. Jeremy Collier says he was "a philosopher of the severest morality." Since 1825 we have been too apt to forget the excellence of his official life, and to think of him only as a busybody and a quidnunc. Lord Braybrooke, who first introduced the book to the public, had no very accurate notion of the duties of an editor, and he treated his MS. in a very unsatisfactory manner. Large portions were omitted without explanation, and apparently without reason, and although much was added to succeeding editions, still the reader might well say —

That cruel something unpossessed
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.

The third edition, published in 1848, contained a large mass of restored passages, amounting it is said to not less than one-fourth of the entire work. Some fresh notes were added to the fourth edition, published in 1854, but no alteration of the text was made beyond "the correction of a few verbal errors and corrupt passages hitherto overlooked." Subsequent editions have been mere reprints of these. Still there was much omitted which cannot be included in Lord Braybrooke's description of entries "devoid of the slightest interest," and we therefore welcome Mr. Mynors Bright's entirely new transcript, as it gives us "the whole of the diary" with "about one-third of matter never yet published." There is a passage, however, in the preface which is unsatisfactory, as we gather from it that those parts which the editor "thought would be tedious to the reader, or that are unfit for publication," have been left uncopied. Mr. Bright, as Sir Walter Scott said of the first editor, "hangs out no lights," or, in other words, has printed no stars to show where the passages to which he refers are omitted. We very much doubt the power of the editor of such a book as this to judge what will or will not be tedious to readers, and, although we do not say that the objectionable passages ought to have been printed, we think that some sign should have been given wherever any portion has been omitted.

The first volume occupies the period from January, 1659–60, to June 30, 1662, and contains one hundred more pages than

* *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., from his MS. Cypher in the Pepysian Library, with a Life and Notes by Richard Lord Braybrooke*; deciphered with additional Notes, by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A. Vol. I. (London: Dickens & Son, 1875.)

the first volume of the third edition (1848), which covers the same ground. The additional matter is of the true Pepysian flavour, and we add a few specimens which are neither better nor worse than the remainder. Some of the entries in the old editions that gave a wrong impression, from being improperly curtailed, are now set right. Here are two instances in which it will be seen that the omitted passages completely alter the sense. The words printed by Lord Braybrooke are in italics:—

April 11th, 1661. — *So home and I found all well, and a deal of work done since I went.* I sent to see how my wife do, who is well. So to Sir W. Batten's and there supped, and very merry with the young ladies. *So to bed very sleepy for last night's work.*

Dec. 30th, 1661. — *With my wife and Sir W. Pen to see our pictures, which do not much displease us,* and so back again, and I staid at the Mitre, whither I had invited all my old acquaintance of the Exchequer to a good chine of beef, which with three barrels of oysters and three pullets and plenty of wine and mirth was our dinner, and there was about twelve of us, and here I made a foolish promise to give them one this day twelvemonth, and so forever while I live, but I do not intend it. So home to Sir W. Pen, who *with his children and my wife has been at a play to-day and saw "D'Ambois," which I never saw.*

Lord Braybrooke's reading makes Pepys himself take his wife to the play.

Here are some entries relating to the diarist's domestic arrangements:—

Jan. 8th, 1659-60. — From thence to my father's to dinner, where I found my wife, who was forced to dine there, we not having one coal of fire in the house, and it being very hard frosty weather.

June 29th, 1662. — *I do find upon my monthly ballance that I am worth 650*l*.*, the greatest sum that ever I was yet master of. I pray God give me a thankful spirit, and care to improve and increase it.

Oct. 13th, 1660. — From thence to my Lord's, and took Capt'n. Cuttance and Mr. Shepley to the Sun Taverne, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it.

Nov. 6th, 1660. — At night to bed, and my wife and I did fall out about the dog's being put down in the cellar, which I had a mind to have done because of his fouling the house, and I would have my will, and so we went to bed and lay all night in a quarrel. This night I was troubled all night with a dream that my

wife was dead, which made me that I slept ill all night.

Nov. 9th, 1660. — I went to my father's and staid late, talking with my father about my sister Pall's coming to live with me if she would come and be as a servant (which my wife did seem to be pretty willing to do to-day) and he seems to take it very well and intends to consider of it.

Aug. 26th, 1661. — This morning, before I went out, I made even with my mayde Jane, who has this day been my mayde three years, and is this day to go into the country to her mother. The poor girl cried, and I could hardly forbear weeping to think of her going; for though she be grown lazy and spoilt by Pall's coming, yet I shall never have one to please us better in all things, and so harmless, while I live. So I paid her her wages and gave her 2*s*. 6*d*. over, and bade her adieu, with my mind full of trouble at her going.

Nov. 27th, 1661. — This morning our mayde Dorothy and my wife parted, which though she be a wench for her tongue not to be borne with, yet I was loth to part with her; but I took my leave kindly of her and went out.

There are several new entries about songs and music; for instance:—

Nov. 24th, 1660. — Had a fire in my closet and fell to entering these two good songs of Mr. Lawes, "Helpe, helpe, O helpe," and "O God of Heaven and Hell," in my song-book, to which I have got Mr. Child to set the base to the Theorbo, and that done to bed.

Nov. 3rd, 1661 (Lord's day). — This day I stirred not out, but took physique, and all the day I did read in Fuller's "Holy Warr," and did try to make a song in the praise of a liberal genius (as I take my own to be) to all studies and pleasures, but it not proving to my mind I did reject it.

Here are accounts of two London journeys, one by land and the other by water:—

July 17th, 1660. — That done and the day proving fair I went home and got all my things packed up and sent away, and my wife and I and Mrs. Hunt went by coach, overtaking the carts a-drinking in the Strand. Being come to my house and set in the goods, and at night sent my wife and Mrs. Hunt to buy something for supper; they bought a quarter of lamb, and so we eat it, but it was not half roasted.

Dec. 3rd, 1661. — At noon thence to the Wardrobe, where my Lady Wright was at dinner, and all our talk about the great happiness that my Lady Wright says there is in being in the fashion and in variety of fashions, in scorn of others that are not so, as citizens' wives and country gentlewomen, which though it did displease me enough, yet I said nothing to it. Thence by water to the office through bridge being carried by him in oars that the other day rowed in a scull faster than my oars to the Towre, and I did give him 6*d*.

In the new portion we obtain several fresh glimpses of the character of Pepys's daily companions :—

Lord Sandwich :—Oct. 22nd, 1660. Talking of religion I found him to be a perfect sceptic, and he said that all things would not be well while there was so much preaching, and that it would be better if nothing but Homilies were to be read in Churches.

Sir W. Penn :—Oct. 9th, 1660. To White-hall again, where at Mr. Coventry's chamber I met with Sir W. Pen again, and so with him to Redriffe by water, and from thence walked over the fields to Deptford, the first pleasant walk I have had a great while, and in our way had a great deal of merry discourse, and I find him to be a merry fellow and pretty good-natured and sings very loose songs. I found our gentlemen and Mr. Prin at the pay. About noon we dined together, and were very merry at table telling of tales. After dinner to the pay of another ship till ten at night, and so home in our barge, a clear moonshine night, and it was twelve o'clock before we got home, where I found my wife in bed, and part of our chambers hung to-day by the upholster, but not being well done I was fretted and so in a discontent to bed. . . . Sir W. Pen told us a good jest about some gentlemen blinding of the drawer, and who he caught was to pay the reckoning, and so they got away, and the master of the house coming up to see what his man did, his man got hold of him, thinking it to be one of the gentlemen and told him he was to pay the reckoning.

Dec. 22nd, 1660. — *Went to the Sun tavern on Fish Street Hill.* . . . We staid here very late, at last Sir W. Pen and I home together, he so overcome with wine that he could hardly go ; I was forced to lead him through the streets and he was in a very merry and kind mood. I home, my head troubled with wine and *I very merry went to bed, my head aking all night.*

June 29th. 1662. — Home with Sir W. Pen to dinner by appointment and to church again in the afternoon and then home and in the evening to supper again to Sir W. Pen. Whatever the matter is, he do much fawne upon me, and I perceive would not fall out with me, and his daughter mighty officious to my wife, but I shall never be deceived again by him, but do hate him and his traitorous tricks with all my heart.

The italics in the last three extracts show what a wrong impression the old editions often give us of the contents of the diary.

The following little bit contains a good instance of Pepys's shrewdness in money-matters :—

Dec. 10th, 1660. — Colonel Slingsby and I in the evening to the coffee-house in Cornhill and I found much pleasure in it, through the diversity of company and discourse. From

thence home and up to bed, having first been into my study and to ease my mind did go to cast up how my cash stands, and I do find as near as I can that I am worth in money clear 240*l.* for which God be praised. This afternoon there was a couple of men with me with a book in each of their hands, demanding money for poll-money, and I overlooked the book and saw myself set down Samuel Pepys, gent. 10*s.* for himself and for his servants 2*s.* which I did presently pay without any dispute, but I fear I have not escaped so, and therefore I have long ago laid by 10*l.* for them, but I think I am not bound to discover myself.

On August 19, 1661, Pepys was sent for to the Privy Seal, and we now for the first time have the following interesting account of what occurred to him :—

Here I staid till at last, hearing that my Lord Privy Seale had not the seale here, Mr. Moore and I hired a coach and went to Chel-sy, and there at an alehouse sat and drank and past the time till my Lord Privy Seale came to his house, and so we to him and examined and sealed the thing, and so homewards, but when we came to look for our coach we found it gone, and so we were fain to walk home afoot and saved our money. We met with a companion that walked with us and coming among some trees near the Neate houses, he began to whistle, which did give us some suspicion, but it proved that he that answered him was Mr. Marsh (the Lutenist) and his wife, and so we all walked to Westminster together, in our way drinking a while at my cost, and had a song of him, but his voice is quite lost.

We have quoted enough to show how thoroughly the old editions are now superseded, and we advise all to read this handsome volume, the charming print of which will be pleasing to the eyes of both old and young. The publishers are also to be congratulated upon the happy effect of the cloth cover, which is a successful imitation of the old Cambridge calf, in which Pepys's books are all bound. Mr. Bright does not give any notice of the new matter, so that readers will have to find it out for themselves ; but that will be an agreeable excuse for reading the whole diary.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

From The Athenæum.
VESUVIUS.

Naples, Dec. 8, 1875.

A FEW days only have elapsed since you were informed that Vesuvius had entered on a new period of volcanic activity. Such

was the report of Prof. Palmieri. As yet the mountain has not spoken, but on Monday morning Naples was shaken at 3h. 24m. by a severe shock of earthquake, and the panic created by it was intense. Late, or early as it was, nearly the whole population turned into the streets, despite the rain, which was coming down in torrents. Most were on foot, many in carriages; and all made for the open places, such as the Molo, the Piazza del Dante, or the Strada Vittorio Emmanuele — indeed, every square was filled with a terror-stricken crowd, whose cries made the scene yet more terrific. Omnibuses and carriages, wherever they could be found, were taken possession of, and soon filled, but the great proportion of the fugitives were compelled to rough it in the open, half-dressed, and some in their shirts. That which was dreaded was the *replica* — the return shock, when the earth returns, as it were, to its normal condition. Happily it did not take place, and at dawn a shivering crowd returned to their homes, to find, many of them, that they had been robbed in their absence. Report then began to be busy, and heavy disasters were related to have occurred in various parts of the city — statements which were readily received, as nothing is so credulous as fear. No great damage, however, was occasioned; several half-built or rickety houses were thrown down, some houses and public buildings were more or less damaged, as the Alberga dei Poveri, some barracks, and a hospital, from which the sick were removed on that inclement night. Yet the incidents following on the shock were sufficiently awful to alarm any one: the house-bells rang, the walls sensibly moved, furniture was displaced, and persons were rocked in their beds. The precise moment of the shock was marked, too, by many a watch which had stopped, but Palmieri's calculation could not be erroneous. He describes it as having travelled from north-west to south-east, and as having been at first undulatory, then vertical, and afterwards "*sussultoria*," lasting altogether eighteen seconds. Every one, of course, attributed it to Vesuvius, but our professor says it had no relation with the mountain; and one proof of it is, that the movement extended over a great extent of country, and increased in intensity at an increasing distance from Naples, the centre of agitation being in Puglia, near a place called S. Marco in Lamis. There the great shock, which has been followed by several others, lasted upwards of a minute. Since Monday, despatches have

arrived from many places in the neighbourhood, and others at a considerable distance, describing the terror of the inhabitants. At Resina and the other towns under the mountain the panic was excessive, for the movement was attributed to Vesuvius, and an eruption was expected immediately. The shock was felt all round the coast, and even on the islands. Nola, Caserta, Benevento, Foggia, and Bari were shaken. At Caserta the troops left their barracks, and encamped in the squares; but in no place, as far as we have heard at present, has there been any sacrifice of life, except in S. Marco in Lamis, where three persons were killed and several houses thrown down. On Monday night and Tuesday morning the fears of the Neapolitans were again on the increase, as there was an apprehension that the shock might repeat itself at the end of twenty-four hours, and three o'clock in the morning was waited for with nervous agitation. Few went to bed, or if they did they lay down dressed, or with their clothes near them, ready for a start. Many formed parties in their houses, as if death would be less awful in the company of friends, but more were in the streets — the cafés were crowded, and carriages again were utilized as sleeping-chambers. Many too — and it reminds us of one or two incidents connected with the history of Pompeii — packed up their jewellery, ready to be carried off at the first alarm, and one lady, says a journalist, sent off "her adored parrot," to be restored when demanded, or to be retained in case of accident.

As by the rising or falling of a thermometer one detects the changes of temperature, so by the watch alone it was possible to measure the intensity of anxiety. At midnight public feeling was very nervous. At one o'clock on Tuesday morning there was a vast amount, or display, of devotion — litanies were sung and saints invoked; and so it continued till three o'clock, when the awful moment approached. At 3h. 24m. fear was at its height, but the hand moved on, and the dreaded shock was not felt. Still there might be some delay — clocks might be wrong; yet no — time went on and nothing happened, so that litanies ceased to be sung, and thousands who had spent a night of intensest agony on the damp pavement, went home, chilled to the marrow, indeed, but *allegramente*. Since then there has been no further alarm here, at least. Vesuvius, as I look upon it, wears an aspect full of innocence; it is covered with snow, but underneath are

raging fires, which may burst out at any moment. As far as human science can predict, an eruption will take place before long. It is not improbable that the unusual quantity of rain which has fallen this year may have precipitated the phenomena I have reported, for Prof. Phillips, in his "Vesuvius," says, "Internal fissures arising from some kind of accumulating pres-

sure, the necessity of earthquakes following upon such a process in a volcanic region will be apparent. For thus the heated interior becomes opened to the admission of water; the generation of steam—the sudden shock—the far-extended vibratory motion, are consequences of a slow change of dimensions, in presence of internal heat and admitted water."

H. W.

EGYPTIAN BIRDS AND ANIMALS. — It is worthy of notice that among the feathered and four-legged animals domesticated by the ancient Egyptians, ducks are not represented; moreover, it may be observed that there are no data to show that the domestic fowl was known to the ancient Egyptians. The object so called on the cartouche of the builder of the Great Pyramid resembles a chick, both in appearance and figure, but it might be the young of the quail, which is still plentiful throughout the cultivated districts. There is a picture on one of the tombs, and another in the British Museum, where geese, quail, and evidently ducks, are being salted and preserved for future use. Pigeons, both wild and domesticated, have been plentiful in Egypt from very early times. The common rock-pigeon (*C. livia*) is generally distributed, and its compeer of the dovecot often returns to the rocky wilds. Every town of any pretensions has a public pigeon-house, more on account of the economic value of the manure than for the birds. At Siout it is a lively scene to sit in your boat and watch them swarming about the houses and settling on the tops of palm-trees, or, like sea-gulls, hovering over the river for the purpose of picking up refuse thrown overboard. The traveller inquisitive on points connected with natural history will do well to examine the walls of the Theban temples. On that of Medinet Haboo, there is observed a very vivid representation of the coronation of the warrior monarch, Rameses III. (B.C. 1300.) Here, among all the state display of the times, are shown priests in their robes letting off carrier-pigeons, which seem to be conveying tidings of the event to distant points — indeed, Egyptologists assert that there are notices in ancient papyrus manuscripts of tamed pigeons having been used in Egypt as articles of food no less than three thousand years, and upwards, before the birth of Christ, thus testifying to the long domestication of the pigeon. The turtle-dove (*T. Senegalensis*) is universally distributed over the habitable parts of Egypt and Nubia, and breeds in the middle of the large towns. When the ancients wished

to represent a "widow woman," they drew a black dove; neither the above nor the pigeon have been found embalmed. The monkeys were sacred to the god Thoth, secretary to Osiris, the Jupiter of the old Egyptians. One species is evidently the dog-faced ape (*Simia hamadryas*) a native of Ethiopia, from whence it was probably obtained; it appears constantly in the hieroglyphic writings, as well as in pictures and statues, the visage in the latter being often half-dog, half-monkey. The other is the little green monkey of Ethiopia; both are common in museums. The presence of the camel in Egypt during the sojourn of Abraham is a matter of history, and yet, strange to say, it has never been met with in the paintings or hieroglyphics. The feathers of the ostrich are seen on the heads of the gods, and were, no doubt, brought from the south by the tribes as tribute, or obtained during conquests. The elephant also appears in pictures; but none of these seem to have been either sacred or emblematic of a deity.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine

THE Communistic principles which are so alarmingly in the ascendant in Scandinavia may perhaps be explained by the low state of the higher education, a fact which has received a strong confirmation in the statistics lately published of the condition of the various universities. The retrograde tendency is shown in the most startling form in the University of Christiania, where the number of students, over 1,000 at the end of the corresponding term last year, now scarcely exceeds 800. In Sweden the contempt for literature has not passed so far as in Denmark or Norway; but in one university at least (Lund) we find a serious diminution in the number of students. The sentimental teaching given at the popular *Höfjolksskolor*, consisting chiefly of ballads and the elements of rhetoric, may foster patriotism, but is no adequate substitute for a university education.

Academy.